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NOTES ON THE APPLICATION OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN TO MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY IN FRANCE.

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FRENCH SCHOOLS OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND DESIGN.

In discussing the nature of the Schools established for the promotion and advancement of production, it is necessary to explain the sense in which some words, very liable to be misunderstood, are used. We shall have frequently to use the words *industrial* and *artistic*; and we wish it to be remembered that by industry we do not simply mean *labour*, but all the processes by which raw materials are converted into objects of utility and convenience; and that by Art we design to indicate not merely painting and sculpture, but all the exertions of the inventive and combining powers calculated to suggest ideas of sublimity or beauty. These definitions are not intended to be logically accurate; they are, indeed, rather more vague than we could wish; still we trust that they may be found sufficiently clear for present purposes, and we may therefore take it as generally understood that the primary object of industrial production is physical usefulness, and the primary object of artistic production is mental excitement.

Lord Bacon defines poetry to be "the accommodation of the shows of things to the desires of the mind"; and on the same principle we may say that artistic production, to which we sometimes give the name of design, is "the accommodation of industrial productions to the desires of the mind." It is on this great principle that the French system of superior education is based, and because this system has thus been based on sound principle, it has been pre-eminently successful. And it is because our English system (or rather our English no-system) is based on no intelligible principle whatever that it has turned out, at least, a comparative failure.

In order to determine what an education in Design should be, one would think that common sense would have suggested the propriety of first inquiring what design itself is? This appears to have been too plain and simple a course for the founders of the School at Somerset House, and they have, therefore, established what they call a School of Design, like *lucus a non lucendo*, for no such thing as design or anything like it is or has been taught within its walls. This is a weighty charge to bring against a national Institution, supported by national funds; but it is only one of the countless examples of the way in which money is wasted in England by giving the management and distribution of Parliamentary grants to voluntary committees and councils of amateurs.

Design includes two things—construction and ornamentation; now, not a single lesson in construction is ever given in Somerset House. It is not necessary to say one syllable more to prove that the Institution is anything but a School of Design. The purpose of design is to superadd to the utility of industrial productions such artistic decorations as, without destroying or impairing their usefulness, will render them pleasing to that mental faculty, or rather combination of faculties, which we call taste. Design then is, in its nature, both industrial and artistic, and the industrial elements are the more numerous and the more important of the two. The School at Somerset House is conducted on the principle that the industrial elements of design are absolute nonenties. Ornament is to be produced without any reference to the means by which that ornament is to have substantive existence; and thus, instead of workable designs, we have impossible jugs, imaginary chandeliers, the silks of a dream, the calicoes of a vision, and such pieces of furniture as can only be conceived to belong to the fabled palace of Aladdin—"These be your gods, O Israel!" The madman,

> "Who, lock'd from pen and paper, scrawls
> With desperate charcoal on the blacken'd walls,"

is just as likely to produce useful designs as the pupils of such an Institution.

Before any consideration of Art arises, the designer must know the *amount* of ornamentation that the materials with which he has to deal are capable of receiving, and the *kind* of decoration suited to the purpose to which the article produced is about to be applied.

For the first point let us take a chandelier as an illustration; the *amount* of ornament of which it is susceptible obviously depends on the optical properties of glass, on reflection and refraction, and these properties are to be developed by means of artificial light. Now, just imagaine a design for a chandelier being produced without the slightest reference whatever to the optical properties of glass, or that the chandelier will be looked at by the light of lamps, tapers, or candles; in fact, imagine a design in which glass is treated as an opaque substance, and all the effects produced are sought and found in the harmonious blendings of opaque colours—*spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?* Yet this exquisite blunder of treating a chandelier as an article to be viewed by daylight, and, therefore, to be considered as if its colours were to be brought out by external and natural light, has not only been perpetrated, but, if we mistake not, it has been honoured with a prize.

Before a French designer would have entered on so ambitious an enterprise, he would have sought instruction in the properties of refracted light from the Professor of Natural Philosophy attached to the School; he would have inquired how far the beautiful prismatic lines of pellucid glass would be modified or injured by coloured glass, and he would have inquired from the Professor of Chemistry how far the production of certain colours and shades of colour was possible. But chemistry and natural philosophy are matters unknown in the School at Somerset House, and hence we get pictures to amuse *dilettanti*, not designs to be worked by manufacturers.

Mistakes in appropriateness are still more common; the last and worst brought under our notice came from an English designer, but not from Somerset House; it was the design of a bacchanalian piece for a communion chalice, and but for an accident this most offensive and ridiculous blunder would have been perpetrated in actual production.

Design, taught without any reference to capability of materials or appropriateness of purpose, is even more ridiculous than the establishment of a manufactory for ruffles in a country where the inhabitants are unacquainted with the use of shirts. It is devising means of ornament without seeking the means of producing the articles to which such ornaments are applicable. In the days of the Volunteers, a worthy citizen-soldier once appeared on parade unprovided with a musket. "Where is your gun, Sir?" asked the inspecting officer. "I left it at home," he replied; "it wanted repairs."—"What repairs did it want, good friend?" asked the officer. "It wanted a ramrod and a stock, a barrel and a lock," was the cool answer.—"Then, in the name of goodness," shouted the perplexed inspector, "what part of the musket have you?" "Oh, Sir, I have a most excellent flint."—In the strategy of Somerset House the young recruit of design gets neither "the ramrod nor the stock, the barrel nor the lock," and, furthermore, we doubt if he even gets a tolerably good flint.

Blame has been thrown on the preponderating influence of artists in the Managing Committee. We doubt the fact of artists falling into the errror of believing that a knowledge of means is not necessary to the attainment of ends. Every artist receives an industrial education: he learns the art of mixing and combining colours so as to produce a variety of tints; he studies all the mechanical appliances and contrivances which may help in the realization and development of his conceptions. The sculptor learns how to use the hammer and chisel; he does not disdain to share, to a considerable extent, the process of education that is suited to the stonemason. Now, there is this difference between the artist and the designer—that the artist realizes his own conceptions, while the conceptions of the designer can only be realized by the intervention of the manufacturer. The artisan furnishes the ground on which the artist of design has to stand. What a precious novelty in educational architecture is the system of beginning with the roof, leaving it to find support as best it may in the viewless air! In our childhood, we used to suppose that "castles in the air" were structures to be deprecated by all who had a claim to ordinary intelligence; little did we anticipate a time when they were to be pointed out as edifices to be constructed at the expense of the nation.

Pictures are not patterns, and patterns are not designs; Raffaelle's 'Transfiguration' is not a cartoon, and no cartoon at Hampton Court possesses the attributes of a painting, though cartoons belong to the class of patterns on which Industrial Art is to be exercised, with the most direct view to producing the results of Pictorial Art. An impracticable pattern is no design; the designer has nothing to do, save in Somerset House, with conceptions that go beyond the limits of matter. We are unavoidably disposed to suspect the sanity of a blustering hero in one of Dryden's plays, who exclaims

> "I will contend with things impossible,
> And overcome them."

But the designer who disregards the capabilities of his materials for realization really adopts this bombast, and we should like him to learn from Colman, that

> "What's impossible can't be,
> And *very seldom* comes to pass."

It does so happen that convenience and beauty are often closely allied, and that this alliance is pointed out by mathematical science; as, for instance, in the application of the curves of the conic sections to vessels of capacity. Now, in France no one is admitted to the School of Design who is not a proficient in geometric drawing, and tolerably well acquainted with the elements both of plane and solid geometry. The French, indeed, carry their mathematical refinements much too far, and apply the calculus in cases as absurd as those which Butler ascribes to Hudibras:—

> "For he by geometric scale
> Could tell the size of pots of ale,
> Resolve by sines and tangents straight
> If bread and butter wanted weight,
> And wisely tell what hour of the day
> The clock did strike, by algebra."

The *rigidi censura cachinni* is proverbially easy; but, after all, excess of refinements in

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theoretic science is not half so bad as the utter rejection of science altogether. As well might it be argued that we should eat our meat raw to avoid excess of refinements in cookery.

Design includes the construction of engines and machinery, in which elegance goes for something, because it is generally found to be combined with convenience; indeed, we could point out more than one useful improvement in the efficacy of the shafting, &c., of cotton mills, which arose from an attempt to improve their look or appearance. Engines and machinery are deemed objects worthy of study by the tasteless designers of France, but they are, of course, unworthy the sublimated minds of those who preside over design in England. As the practical construction of machinery is neglected, so, of course, the sciences of dynamics and statics form no part of the *curriculum* of study in our Academies of Design. Such base mechanical things as steam-engines and mules, and spindle frames and carding engines, are below the attention of sculptors and painters; yet they neither are, nor ought to be, below the attention of a manufacturing people—a people which has just challenged all mankind to enter into the race of competition and rivalry; but we suppose that, after courage has been shown in the challenge, it is unnecessary to exhibit common sense in attending to the breeding of the horses or the training of the jockeys.

There is no doubt that a great cause of the defective education given at Somerset House is the want of the entrance examination, which is now indispensable for admission to all the schools of superior instruction established by public authorities in France. We really sometimes doubt the country or the century when we listen to the ignorant and interested clamour which has been raised whenever a proposal is made, either by inspection or examination, to establish a system of anything like supervision over the state of public education in this country. The propounders of such a scheme are answered roughly—"By the life of Pharaoh, you are spies; to see the nakedness of the land are you come." Verily, they say the truth; and we would that we could show the extent of that nakedness as fully as we are firmly convinced of its existence.

But we are told that, if examination had been made a necessary condition of admission into the School of Design, the Aademy would have had but a very scanty supply of pupils. That is to say, our no-system of national education has produced such a state of things that we cannot expect the ordinary elements of knowledge from the children of the superior class of artisans who seek admission to the School of Design. Now, the excuse is founded in truth: the schools for the education of that class in the Metropolis are nothing better than nuisances that ought to be abated. When *L'Ecole des Arts, Manufactures, et Dessin*, was opened in the *Rue Neuve St. Laurent*, under the modest title of a "School of Superior Primary Instruction," the managers resolved that pupils, previous to entrance, should be examined in "Reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic to the end of vulgar fractions, and elementary drawing." It was the general belief at first that the standard had been fixed too low; but the very first examination proved that it had been fixed too high, at least for the paying schools of Paris. In fact, it was proved that the children of the charity-schools were better trained, and more efficiently educated, than the children whose parents paid for their education; and a very large proportion of the candidates from these schools were rejected.

Such a result threatened to produce a revolt in all the city and all the faubourgs; mothers having first, as in duty bound, bestowed an abundance of backward blessings on the harsh strictness and undue severity of examiners, next vented their wrath on the unfortunate schoolmasters, whose neglect or incompetence had exposed their precious pets to such public disgrace. The doors of academies, beset by angry mothers, raving aunts, perplexed cousins, and indignant relations, presented a scene unrivalled, save in the days of the Revolution. Of course the schoolmasters discovered that an examination of their pupils, under the authority of the State, was an inexplicable act of impiety and impolicy. The piety of ignorance, and the policy of incapacity, happened to be at a discount in Paris; nay, so uncivilized are the French that they felt grateful for the exposure of the mis-education which prevailed, and insisted that greater stringency should be given to those guardian principles of the mind and the morals of the rising generation—inspection and examination. The result has been a most obvious improvement in all the schools of Paris, and an emulation among teachers to produce scholars instead of dunces.

Now, we could wish that an entrance examination had been made a part of the system of our School of Design; if for no other reason, because it would have exposed the scandalous inadequacy of the mercantile and commercial education in this country, not merely to all the exigencies, but almost to the continued existence, of a trading nation. This, however, has not been done; it was deemed primarily necessary to get together pupils by hook or by crook; an improvement was made on the well-known cookery precept of Mrs. Glasse, "First catch your fish"; it was determined to have possession of the fish, without stopping to inquire whether they were worth catching or not. Hence the School exhibited pupils in every possible variety and grade of progress. The masters were required to teach the simple letters of the alphabet and the most recondite figures of rhetoric at the same time; high and low Art ran together in anomalous couples; the Institution was pretty evenly compounded of an Infant School and an University.

To the masters we attach no blame; on the contrary, they deserve the highest praise and approbation. They struggled manfully against a disorganized, disproportioned, and preposterous plan, which it would be an abuse of words to dignify with the name of system. They hoped against hope; they struggled against impossibilities; and they showed that, if there had been a real School of Design, they were fully competent to take their proper places in the training of designers.

We repeat the phrase, "to take their proper places;" they could not execute the whole task. An artist is not likely to know what are the properties of the clays that will give him the most translucent and lustrous porcelain; but a designer for the potteries must know the amount of translucency and lustre in the ground on which his pattern is to be exhibited. The same bit of painting will not serve indifferently for the Etruscan black, the Roman red, the bamboo yellow, the Queen's white, the Sèvres white, and the Chinese semi-transparent. A student, an associate, or even a member of Council of the Royal Academy, cannot be expected to know anything of the chemical changes which the mineral colours undergo when subjected, as they necessarily must be, to the action of the furnace. What can he tell of the resources that belong to the potter's wheel, of the forms which it is possible to introduce into ansation, and of the forms which the immutable laws of statics acting on yielding substances compel us to abandon in despair?

And, in other trades, what knows the Royal Academician of the Jacquard Loom, the Pantograph Embroidery Frame, the mode of suiting patterns to Perkins's Copying Cylinders and Lockett's Etching Eccentrics? And yet, while in utter ignorance of these and all other means of realizing design, we expect that he shall train and educate designers!! Seventy-fifth-rate artists such a course may give us in abundance; but, should by chance a designer turn up, his existence will not be in consequence of the system, but in spite of it:

"Amphora cœpit
Institui: currente rotâ cur urceus exit?"

But we have not even got the *Urceus*; there is not a pupil in Somerset House who could be trusted to give you a decent design for a pipkin.

The masters are not to blame; they have been required to convert a part into a whole, and the laughter at their failure must be directed against those who imposed upon them so preposterous a task. It was not the teachers who discovered that, in order to devise appropriate decoration for a product, one of the elements of success should be utter ignorance of the product itself. It was not the masters who found out that, in the scientific management of light, nothing is less necessary than an acquaintance with optical science. It was not from the masters that the paradox originated which teaches that the production of colour by recondite chemical means needs not a particle of knowledge of the chemistry of colour. It was not from the masters that was learned the inutility of mechanical science to the making of designs for machinery. The masters are not to blame for the assertion that some knowledge of botany is not essential to the invention of correct floral patterns. The masters have had no share in excluding from the School courses of lectures on the history of the Decorative Arts. In fact, the masters have had nothing to do with establishing a School of Design, based on the very wise principle that nothing like Design should be taught within its walls. Call it what you will—a Drawing-school, the Infant School for the Royal Academy, the Refuge for the Destitute among Young Painters, or anything else that ingenuity may devise—but no name more inappropriate for the establishment at Somerset House can by any possibility be invented.

There is nothing in this world more earnestly to be deprecated than the exhibition of John Bull, when he is seized with a whim of economy. He is about to do worse than sacrifice the sheep for the sake of the penny-worth of tar; he is, you may be assured, about to purchase a whole flock at an exorbitant rate, and to let the entire go to destruction rather than pay for a shepherd. Honest John Bull thinks that if he makes a grant everything is done; as to the management, it is about the last thing that enters into his confiding head. The management will be regulated "as Chance may rule or the Destinies decree." Talk to him of giving for any public object, and he pours out money in handfuls; talk to him of payment for the superintendence of the application of his donations, and he buttons his breeches-pocket. He tells you that John a Nokes and Peter Styles have formed a committee, that Duke Humphrey and Lord Scales have assembled an amateur council, and that somebody or anybody will undertake the distribution, without giving the said John the trouble and expense of appointing a steward. Now, in all public matters we should beg leave to hint to John that it would be an exceedingly valuable thing to secure responsibility. We are so very unfashionable as to have no confidence whatever in voluntary vigilance and amateur superintendence. If it was worth the while of Government to create Schools of Design, it ought to have been also worth their while to make the management of these Schools a department of the Government, under a new Educational Secretary to the Board of Trade, or a Secretary for Schools of Art, Manufacture, and Design, under the Educational Committee of the Privy Council. In no country under heaven, save England, would grants of public money be placed at the discretion, or the caprice, as the case may be, of an irresponsible

Council. Excellent men, able men, and intelligent men, the members of this Council are individually, but their collective existence is a delusion and a phantom, the very shadow of a shade, in running after which the School of Design has, unfortunately, lost the substance.

But this is not all: with the single exception of the School at Nottingham, the class which it is most desirable to have educated in these Schools are never found in any such establishment. The men that most want high artistic and industrial instruction are the rising generation of master-manufacturers. Already, in many of our leading branches of staple production, and we will at once instance the cases of the potteries and of calico-printing, the average of the taste, the knowledge, and the skill of the operatives is *above* the average of those qualities in the masters. What is the use of producing good designs, when the race of purchasers is unable to appreciate their excellence? We know of designs condemned by manufacturers, but produced stealthily, and we might almost say surreptitiously, by wiser persons in their employment, which have been among the most triumphant and successful of modern productions.

Design is industrial and artistic; a School of Design should therefore be industrial and artistic; but, inasmuch as both arts and industries belong to large classes who are not designers, let our industrial courses be sufficiently extensive for those who are to live by industrial pursuits, and our artistic courses so graduated and extended as to satisfy the exigencies of those who desire to devote themselves to Art. This is the system pursued in France, and it is so obviously accordant with the plainest dictates of common sense that the system is undeniably and completely successful.

Let us take the course of studies pursued in a French school of superior instruction, and show not only the bearing of each branch on the art of design, but the utter impossibility of teaching anything that deserves to be called design without it.

We pass over reading, writing, and arithmetic, but we think that no one who reflects on the nature of design will question the necessity of geometric and perspective drawing being included in the course of a designer's education, with so much of the elements of mathematics as serve to illustrate the nature and properties of both. A designer, when his pattern comes to be applied to work, will have to produce plans and sections as well as pictures: for a pattern not capable of being resolved into workable sections should be deemed a picture rather than a pattern. We should be glad to know when and how often the pupils at Somerset House are obliged to resolve patterns into their elements of enlarged sections, and to demonstrate that they are practically applicable to the Jacquard loom and its varieties—to the pantagraph embroidery-frame—to the bobbin-net frame—to the potter's wheel or moulds—to the moulds for casting in iron or bronze—or to any other of the mechanical means by which design is to be realized. We can aver that the facility with which this analysis of pattern is performed by the pupils of *L'Ecole Martinière*, at Lyons, shows that this essential part of education has received the most careful attention.

Some of the most effective designs for silks produced last year in Paris were geometric combinations, and all those of which we were able to trace the origin were produced by pupils of *L'Ecole Martinière*. But their designs for the engine-rooms of steam-boats, and even of factories, proved that to a highly cultivated taste they added a sound knowledge of mathematics, dynamics, and statics.

Physics must in fact form an essential part of the education of any designer who has to go beyond the mere production of patterns for textile fabrics. In some of the marine Steam-engines constructed at Glasgow regular architects have been employed to furnish designs for the Engine-rooms, and they have generally succeeded in combining strength with elegance; but in some instances have shown that they were not acquainted with the dynamic laws of strain, and the peculiar properties of cast iron. At Fawcett's, in Liverpool, we found that all the resources of science were applied to their designs, and we can assure our readers that the application of taste in decoration was greatly facilitated and improved by the science. We have already mentioned the application of optical laws to the designs for *chandeliers*; and we may here add the necessity of some knowledge of the laws of combustion to the designers for lamps, and of metallurgy to those who prepare designs for castings in bronze and iron.

At Paris and at Lyons lectures are given to the pupils not only in the laws of motion as applied to machinery, but in all the applications of the productive powers of machinery to manufactures. It was our good fortune to attend one of the lectures on weaving; the bulk of the auditors consisted of boys between the age of twelve and sixteen, and their rank might have embraced the grades between the better-paid class of journeymen and the smaller class of master manufacturers. The lecturer was a Lyonnese weaver, who thoroughly understood his business, and he had to meet a very attentive and rather critical audience; young and old took notes, some in short-hand. As might have been expected, his style was very homely; he frequently used technical and even cant phrases; but every term of the kind was no sooner uttered than an explanation was demanded; the youngest urchin would not allow a step to be taken in advance until he had made sure of the possession of all the ground that had been passed over. When the lecture was concluded, we were no longer at a loss to account for the superiority of the French in the designs for silk-weaving. By an accident we missed hearing a lecture on the glass manufacture, but we were assured, on good authority, that it was still more practically useful in the explanations of processes and resources, and, what is not less important, that it was more practically useful to the pupils.

Now, in sober earnestness, we should ask the question, "How many such lectures have been given to the pupils at Somerset House?" To dwell not merely upon the utility, but the absolute necessity, of such lectures in the right education of designers would be simply an insult to the understanding of our readers. What, then, are we to say of a National School of Design in which an element so obviously essential is totally neglected?

Zoology and botany form part of the French course of education, and, hence, in the designs in which plants and animals are introduced, amid the most abundant variety, there is no inharmonious or unnatural combination. Not as in England, where

> "Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
> Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum."

It would almost seem, from certain English combinations of floral pattern, as if our designers had for their type the "Man in the Wilderness," of the nursery rhyme:—

> "A man in the wilderness asked of me,
> How many strawberries grew in the sea?
> I made him an answer—the best that I could—
> As many red herrings as grew in the woods."

Now, strawberries in the sea, and red herrings in the wood, are not one whit more ridiculous than the flowers of spring and autumn blooms in the same group. Two opposite seasons are introduced like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay! Just as bad is the blunder of giving to a climbing plant the floral and prehensive attributes of a climber; or the precious blunder which we saw at Manchester some years ago, a climbing convolvulus decorated with the flowers of the ranunculus. Painters may perhaps indulge in such caprices; yet they are not safe, but, on the contrary, very dangerous for designers.

> "Pictoribus atque poetis
> Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."

But, even in according this license, Horace suggests a limitation, and, applying to Pictorial and Poetic Art the great principle of the Civil Law, he sets forth the restriction in the grant:—

> "Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia."

A writer of very poetic and picturesque prose in France has recently, in his description of marine scenery, noticed the very singular and beautiful effect produced by the *red* lobsters in the tranquil shallows of an island bay. We doubt whether a painter would be equally justified in boiling his lobsters before they were caught, and we are quite sure that a designer would not. But we think the designer is equally absurd who gives us American buds in Indian foliage, an Australian parrot perched on a Norwegian pine, and a Bengal tiger lodged in the sedges of an English moss or an Irish bog. *Omne ignotum pro miraculo* is a very old proverb, but we should be quite as well satisfied if the designer abstained from working such miracles.

> "Non ut
> Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni."

The lion and the lamb may be imagined to be down together, but assuredly the realization of the prophetic anticipation forms no part of the proper business of a designer.

So much for Natural History; let us next turn to a branch of knowledge still more important, Chemistry. At the Schools of Superior primary Instruction in France not only is chemistry taught by efficient lecturers, but a laboratory is provided for every two pupils, at which they work for a specified time daily, under the inspection of the Professor or one of his qualified assistants. At *L'Ecole Martinière*, in Lyons, the chemistry of colour, and of the production of every shade of colour, is studied with the most intense anxiety, and the benefits of this application are signally manifest in the Lyonnese silks. Every designer knows to what extent chemical resources are available for the realization of his conceptions. He does not furnish designs which require the most expensive of dyes for the cheapest of goods: a blunder into which the amateur designers of England constantly fall. Go round among the calico printers of Manchester, and you will find that the principal recommendations of French designs are not so much superior pictorial excellence and pictorial beauty as their superior practicability and superior applicability. There is, after all, very little difference in value between a pattern physically impossible and a pattern commercially impossible. All the pictorial beauty producible by the Royal Academy and its subsidiary schools will not reconcile mercantile men to commercial losses. To train up designers in colour, ignorant of everything that relates to colour, either chemically or commercially, is really an act of cruel injustice; it is actually unfitting them for the profession in which they are intended to earn a living.

History may not at first appear very essential to the education of designers; but the style of decoration adopted by different nations, and in different ages, has a very close and intimate connexion with the social state of the country and period, and ought to be carefully studied by those who wish to comprehend the æsthetic principles of Art. We pray our readers to believe that, in order to train young men to a correct and fine taste, it is necessary to educate the head as well as the fingers, to develop the inventive powers not less carefully than the copying powers. Now, the history of former inventive processes is the study most suggestive of new invention. We wish that some one would call for a return of the number of lec-

tures on the history of Art, given at the so-called School of Design at Somerset House, since the date of its foundation.

We have pointed out the immense difference between the French system of education in real design, and the English system of education in some anomalous thing pretended to be design, in no carping spirit, but certainly with any feeling rather than that of satisfaction. Let us hasten to say that no blame whatever attaches to any individual, or to any body of individuals; the sole cause of the evil is the English nation. The Government is not in fault, the Council is not in fault, and least of all is the corps of teachers in fault. National Schools of Design are essentially a part of a system of national education, and dissevered from such a system they are no better than a dead limb when separated from a living body. When first cut off, it may be possible, by some galvanic process, to give a convulsive energy to the toes or fingers; but eventually the laws of Nature triumph over artificial stimulants; the limb, by an irrevocable doom, stiffens and grows cold; and a council of physicians, convoked to devise the means for restoring its animation, is no better than a meeting of quacks.

The Government is not to blame for every effort to give the country a national system of education being met by some mischievous cry devised by faction or corrupt interest—

"The double lie,
Which fools believe and knaves apply."

because the Government depends too much for its finances on the manufacturing prosperity of the country, not to be anxious for the establishment of a system of education by which that prosperity might be confirmed, strengthened, and developed. We speak what we know when we declare that the present Ministers are most anxious to give the nation such a system of education as would enable the manufacturer to appreciate the designer, the designer to raise the artistic character of all our productions, and the operative to be zealous in realizing the designer's conception. They are thoroughly convinced that, in order to raise the character in design in the country, it is necessary to raise the standard of knowledge and intelligence of the employer, the artist, and the operative; and that success is unattainable unless by the adoption of a plan which will embrace the three classes. Nay, more: some of them at least are thoroughly convinced that it would be most desirable to raise the standard of appreciation among purchasers and consumers. Now, all this is very efficiently accomplished by the French system, and hence obviously arises the superiority of their productions—a superiority which must increase, and which, in sober sadness, we are compelled to say that we fear will at no distant date include economy and excellence as well as beauty of production. Let the nation convince the Government that it is ready and anxious to receive the educational means for assuring the continuance and permanence of its manufacturing prosperity, and we feel assured that such conviction will carry pleasure to Downing-street, and delight to Whitehall.

The Council is not to blame; they were set to accomplish a great work with miserably inadequate means, with no definite directions as to what they were expected to accomplish, and with no power of discovering what kind of design was most wanting and most likely to be acceptable to the various classes of manufacturers. They were appointed to effect some great and indefinite something, and it is only now that people are beginning to ask what this something is, and what it ought to be. A more perplexing task could not have been given them, if they had been asked to settle the geography of New Zealand without a single map or document relating to the country being laid before them, and without having the means of communicating with any one who had ever inhabited or even visited the country.

Heaven knows that the masters are not to blame; they have toiled and worked, and fretted and struggled to render the most disproportionate of means effectual for the attainment of the most difficult of ends. They have tasked themselves to supply deficiencies with a zeal, an energy, and an enthusiasm which have not been fully appreciated, and which have been but poorly rewarded. All that men could do, they have done; but it is impossible to move a mountain with leverage insufficient to stir a paving-stone.

The manufacturers *are* to blame. They have, as a body, tendered to Government neither advice nor assistance; they act as if they believed that all the mysteries of their various forms of production should become known to the Government by the medium of direct inspiration; or, what is worse, they have been haunted by a selfish fear of rivalry and a dread of revealing some pet processes often not worth the trouble of concealment.

But, above and before all, the Nation is to blame for allowing that which is National to be seized and sacrificed by party. Thank Heaven the opponents of national education have at length so completely overstated their case that the whole fabric of delusion has broken down under the enormous mass of absurdity and nonsense piled upon it by the deluders and the deluded. A National system of education, and therefore a National School of Design, have become inevitable necessities; and their advent will be all the sooner by our becoming convinced of the inadequacy of the temporary and trumpery expedients offered to us in their stead.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES BONAVENTURE SMITH.

The subject of this brief memoir was one of those who appear singled out for affliction. Born imperfectly organized, his infancy was passed in pain and sickness, and his earliest recollections were associated with misfortunes. Young Smith early evinced a taste for drawing, and by the advice of M. David, the sculptor, determining on adopting painting as a profession, he proceeded to Paris, and entered the atelier of that celebrated artist. There, amidst the reckless and turbulent spirits of "La jeune France," he exerted the mild influence of Christian charity in reconciling the feuds that were continually breaking out among a class of young men unfortunately too generally regardless of morality and religion. Renewed domestic troubles soon recalled Mr. Smith to England; but it would be out of place here to lay bare the calamities in which misfortune or imprudence had plunged his hapless relatives. It is enough for our present purpose to state, that, on his arrival in this country, he found the whole weight devolve upon him of a family whose affairs were in a state of the utmost confusion.

In 1844, we find the unfortunate young artist confined to his bed, in the opinion of the faculty, in an advanced state of consumption; being at this time the sole protector and only support of his sister and her two children. The short interval between this period and his death was passed in a manner calculated to reflect the highest honour on his memory: for, although nearly borne down by bodily suffering and mental anxiety, he fulfilled the duties of a husband and a father to his sister and her children, and at the same time devoted himself to the study of his profession, in which he made rapid progress. Possessed naturally of great sweetness of temper, and being of a social disposition, without the slightest mixture of jealousy, he loved the company of his brother artists, in whose success he exulted with unaffected joy. He died at the age of thirty.

It is unfortunate, according to human judgment, that he died just as his works were beginning to be known and appreciated. From his ability as a draughtsman, accuracy of observation, gentlemanly feeling, and obliging disposition, there can be little doubt he would have become eminent as a portrait-painter. His fancy pieces are distinguished by much delicacy and refinement; and are beginning to find a ready sale.

A few months ago, a man of talent—an ardent spirit—frenzied by repeated disappointment, rushed unbidden into the presence of his Maker. The public sympathy was aroused, and the suicide of Haydon was the making of his family. On Sunday, the 20th of last December, passed calmly and imperceptibly away, the pure and tranquil spirit of a dutiful son, a tender brother, a Christian, a gentleman, and a rising artist, whose latest worldly thoughts were upon his unprotected sister and her helpless children, and whose anxiety for their welfare had accelerated his death. But the public know it not, the press is silent, and the sympathy of the world is not awakened! May not the hope be indulged that that benevolence, which was justly and liberally manifested in the case of Haydon, will be extended to the relatives of this deserving and amiable young artist, who were solely dependant on his exertions, and who are now left without the means of subsistence?

MR. GEORGE HARRISON.

Mr. George Harrison, whose death we have already recorded, was born in Liverpool, March, 1816, and, from the occupation of his mother as a flower painter, may be said to have used pencils as the toys of his childhood—drawing being his earliest amusement. Removing into Denbighshire (North Wales), he rambled amid the fine scenery of that county until the age of fourteen, when he came to London, with a view to engraving or some business connected with Art; and, whilst undecided what to pursue, improved his practice and pocket by working for the dealers and shopkeepers. Subsequently he was engaged in making anatomical and other medical drawings and illustrations, and in studying anatomy at the Hunterian School in Windmill-street. His first knowledge of the principles of composition and design may be attributed to his acquaintance with the late John Constable, R.A., who treated him with great kindness, criticising his sketches, and encouraging him continually in the study of Nature.

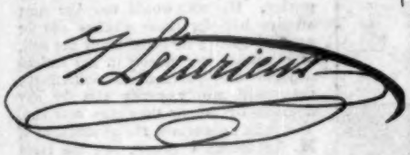
As a teacher he was much liked both in London and Paris, preferring, when practicable, teaching in the open air to any other method. Such importance did he attach to open air studies, that he organized a class among his fellow-artists and friends to meet on Saturdays during the summer months at a given rendezvous, returning to town together in the evening. Many pleasant evenings were thus spent, and much instruction gained. Like the majority of artists, he had worked at most subjects, and in most species of material. His forte lay in landscape, with luxuriant foliage and figures; his power and harmony of colouring, arrangement and disposition of figures, were admired by all his brother artists; and on his election into the Old Water-colour Society, he was congratulated by all as a rising man—certain to become an ornament to his profession. He died on the 20th of October, from an aneurism of the aorta, after long and severe suffering, and was interred in the Cemetery at Kensall Green; he will be long regretted by his friends and relations as a kind-hearted and amiable man, energetic and devoted to his profession.

J. P. ANDERDON, ESQ., OF FARLEY HALL.

It is with the sincerest feelings of regret we have to announce the death of this gentleman, which took place at Ramsgate, on the 30th of October, 1846. We gave a description of his pictures in a late number; and, at the moment of its publication, he was smitten by the hand of death. Scarcely three weeks before the sad event he was in health and perfect possession of every faculty, notwithstanding he had attained the advanced age of eighty-seven.

Mr. Anderdon was originally a partner in the mercantile firm of Anderdon and Manning, a house of the highest consideration in the city of London, from which he had retired many years; and, during the long war with France, was Colonel of the City Light Horse Volunteers.

He spent some time in Italy, in 1827, where he acquired several of his fine pictures; among others, the large 'Salvator Rosa,' which frequently tempted Sir D. Wilkie to become a visitor; and the repeated contemplation of it had great influence upon Sir David's change of manner, which may be dated from that period.



THE LIVING ARTISTS OF EUROPE.

JACQUES LECURIEUX.

AMONG the historical painters of the French School there are few whose works attract a larger portion of attention at their annual exhibitions than those of M. Lécurieux—either with reference to their variety of subject, judicious composition, accuracy of drawing, or harmonious colouring. We have on more than one occasion, in reviewing the exhibitions at the Louvre, spoken in terms of just commendation of the productions of this distinguished artist; we are now in a position to place before our readers a more extended notice of his works.

JACQUES LECURIEUX is a native of Côte d'Or, being born at Dijon; he received his first instruction in painting from Devosges, son of that Devosges who was the master of Prud'hon, and who left many remarkable works, though they are but little known. A good foundation for future eminence was thus laid; so that, when Lécurieux came to Paris in 1822, and entered the School of Lethière, he greatly distinguished himself by the admirable drawings and studies he made there. The talents of this artist were subsequently employed in executing a large number of vignettes for Baronte's "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," and for Thierry's "Conquest of England by the Normans;" he also painted numerous portraits. Among his principal historical pictures, we may mention "Francis I. at the Tomb of John;" "Le Chevalier Bayard at Dijon;" "St. Louis at Damietta;" "an Act of Charity;" the "Raising of Jairus's Daughter to Life"—a subject from the "Lazarille of Cormes;" the "Education of Jesus;" the "Last moments of Louis XI;" "Mary of Burgundy," a full-length figure; "Luther when a Child;" the "Virgin and Infant;" the "Death of St. Rose;" "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge;" "Preparations for the Martyrdom of St. Benigne;" "St. Bernard going to found the Abbey of Clairveaux on being appointed its Abbot;" the "Love of Flowers;" the "Betrothing of Rebecca;" "Solomon Caus at Bicêtre;" an engraving from which was given in this journal in June, 1845; and "St. Firmin, first Bishop of Amiens, baptising the Princess Attalia;" also engraved in our Journal in June 1846.

From this catalogue of pictures it will be seen that the genius of Lécurieux delights in works of a devotional or moral tendency; subjects which bring before us some of the most affecting passages of history, or which elevate the thoughts to matters and objects of still higher importance: and this, too, without the introduction of an excited religious feeling, or a spurious sentimentality. If it be an undoubted truth, that the emanations of a mind are an index to that mind; that the tastes, dispositions, and mental culture of an author or painter are discernible in their productions, we must accord to Lécurieux, the character of one, not only highly gifted by nature, but well-instructed in moral excellence. What, for example, could afford a better theme for the display of such feeling and such talent, than the passage he has selected from the life of St. Bernard—the most astonishing genius of the middle ages? The accompanying engraving "St. Bernard setting out to found the Abbey of Clairveaux," will illustrate our observation. The painter who aspires to transfer to his canvas this remarkable personage, endued with the thoughts and desires which trouble, and yet animate him—while, at the same time he would preserve his historical character, must indeed have acquired a vast degree of intimacy with that life of which the world in general knows so little. St. Bernard, at the early age of twenty two, entered the Cistercian monastery of Citeaux, near Dijon; at that period the strictest monastic order in France: here he practised such severities as to injure his health; but at the same time his reputation for sanctity rose so high, that he was shortly selected as the head of the colony of monks who founded the abbey of Clairveaux: he therefore quitted the austere solitudes which he had just revivified, for one still more frightful, the "Valley of Absynte," or as it was afterwards called "*Clara vallis*," or Clairveaux, from the virtues and charities its inhabitants displayed. "Bernard," says Fenelon, "was the most precious ornament of the solitude; a young man clothed in garments of coarse sackcloth; endued with a countenance of the most delicate beauty, of which few traces then remained; of a constitution naturally ardent and active; but at this time languid and well-nigh worn out." M. Lécurieux has fully entered into the spirit of his subject; the conception and arrangement of the groups are admirably designed, and skilfully carried out. The countenance of the Saint is noble and commanding; full of "holy melancholy," yet replete with intelligence and beauty. The work is now placed in the Cathedral of Dijon.

The next production by Lécurieux that we shall notice, is one which has found a place in the Cathedral de Bezier; and is entitled the "Education of Jesus." The engraving (commencing page 46) shows it to be a subject treated with such severity, and yet with such simplicity, as to accord unquestionable honour to the artist. It must be admitted by all who notice carefully the figure of the Virgin, that Lécurieux's designs are, what may be termed "spiritual;" the countenance is pure and modest, and the drapery is very finely composed; it has altogether so much of Divinity in its bearing, that we almost imagine it to be the work of one of those recluses, who, in the shadows of their cells, paint the mystical beauty of their dreams. The subject is one upon which almost every historical painter of every school (excepting our own) has essayed his imaginative powers, and it would appear to have been exhausted. Raphael attained in it the very limits of perfection; and after him the Virgins of Titian, of Correggio, of Spagnoletto, are grand and elegant conceptions, yet of a different order. In the former, she is the young *girl*, frank—pure—the "virgin" in every acceptation of the term—exhibiting the delightful period of transition from childhood to youth; in the others she is the *woman*; her head raised, the eyes bright and proud; grasping in her hands the head of the serpent; feeling and knowing that the Redeemer of mankind is her son. Again, in the schools of Velasquez and other Spanish masters, she is represented as the mother of sorrow—the *mater dolorosa*—who weeps at the foot of the cross, and appears to hold no converse with the things of earth. The picture by Lécurieux, who comes last in the list of those who have made this the subject of their pencils, will lose nothing by comparison with many of its predecessors: it is evident that he has not feared to enter the lists against the "mighty men of old," and has proved himself equal to the task he undertook.

We have already noticed the variety of subject which at times has occupied the pencil of Lécurieux. His "Visit to the Monastery" is of an entirely different character from the preceding works. A soldier has returned to his native country from an unsuccessful campaign, and stops at a monastery, where he is welcomed by the monks, who supply the veteran and *themselves* with refreshment of a more potent quality than befits their calling. The song, and the story, and the cups go round, till "reason flies aloof." For the honour of the brethren, the painter has concealed many of the delinquents behind the figure of the soldier: one of them is put *hors de combat*, and is sleeping quietly on the table; another is supporting himself by his left hand, while the glass he has used is falling to the ground from the right. It is a faithful and well-depicted scene, and may be considered one of the painter's happiest conceptions in that style of subject.

The engraving (page 46) will supply our readers with another example of Lécurieux's compositions. It is taken from one of Schiller's admirable dramas, entitled "The Robbers." The picture was executed for a commission from this country, and depicts the scene between Moor, Schweitzer, and Schwarz; wherein Schweitzer has been wounded by some Bohemian cavaliers, while procuring water for his captain, Schwarz; which he brings to him in his hat; Moor, at the same time, is lamenting his absence from home. There is much

to admire in this fine picture. The figure of Moor is particularly happy, his sorrows are depicted in his countenance; the accessories are truthfully drawn; the scene is full of warm and harmonious colouring; the manipulation free and forcible, yet delicately finished.

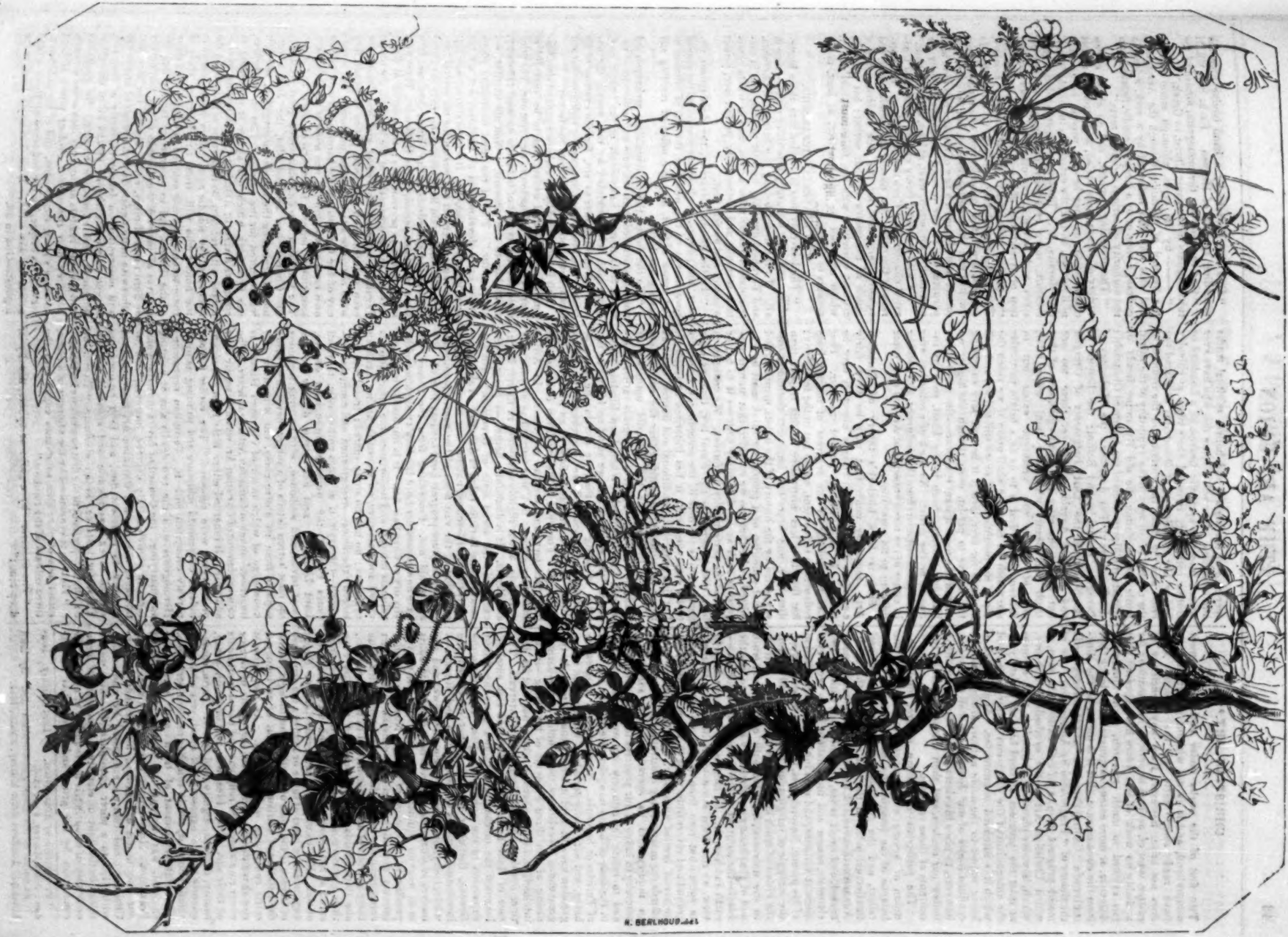
The "Love of Flowers" is a picture of another character, and would certainly please that numerous class of the community who require nothing more of the artist than such qualities as are easily understood, and who trouble themselves about little beyond.

Some of our readers may have seen and noticed this picture, which commends itself by its clever and chaste execution. We must, however, express our regret that Lécurieux has made so entire an abnegation of his originality, as is apparent in this work, and we would consider it as intended rather to ornament a boudoir, than to adorn a gallery consecrated to more elevated productions. There is, however, a complete harmony in the conception and the execution: the colouring is brilliant without glare; it is a joyous and gay scene adequately represented.

These examples of his works declare Lécurieux to belong to what certain French writers call the "regenerated school of France," or to those professing that salutary change of style so daringly advocated in the first instance by Gros, and subsequently so powerfully exemplified by Vernet, and afterwards more particularly by Delaroche in the admirable manner of his illustrations of incidents picked up rather in the bye-ways than in the highways of history. The "Wreck of the Medusa" was a more determined dissent from the epics of the School of David than any other school ever experienced, although it was long before French artists in descending from the scenic manner of that time could divest the most common-place subjects of the theatrical character, which so utterly vitiated all natural expression; and already it may be said, even within the brief space of twenty-five or thirty years, the existing French school has illustrated almost every striking incident, not only in its national history, but also in its literature from Rabelais to the latest favourite romance. The memoirs and lives of celebrated men supply a valuable fund of subject matter; even the lives of famous painters have been minutely examined for material, which may supply interesting circumstance: and herein lies a contrast to the limited round of subject, which appears upon our own walls. Moreover, the French are excellent costume painters; but for the study of this they possess advantages which are wholly out of our reach. The Carnival and the Bal Costumé have been, time out of mind, the French painter's best school, and the accuracy and variety supplied by these have given him an advantage over ourselves and the more sober states of Germany. When Greek or Roman history is now painted by French artists it has in it more of the relief of nature than ever distinguished the school of David. As we cannot conceive that the events of history fell out otherwise than in the most natural way, we cannot believe David and his followers right in presenting every one concerned in them as at the height of theatrical excitement. In his dissent from the principles of David, Delaroche goes even farther than Gros, and who has ever excelled Delaroche in eloquent, or even mute, expression?

In concluding our remarks on the genius and works of Lécurieux, we would warn him against overstepping the strict bounds of nature; it is a fault in which too many of his school indulge. "The artist," says Lessing, "who seeks the true dramatic, must set himself at once against the expression of everything exaggerated. How many minds have fallen into this error, allured by the example of Michael Angelo himself." Nature is jealous of her own beauty—her exquisite delicacy—her freshness and her purity. He who would win her must admire her for these charms and for nothing more; he must study her well, and imitate her closely in her various aspects and diversified colourings: they will amply repay him for any amount of labour they may cost him. We fully appreciate the productions of M. Lécurieux's pencil, and the rapid progress he is making towards excellence. His drawing is remarkably correct and bold. Domenichino, who said to his pupils, "make a correct drawing, and colour it as you please, you will not have made a bad picture," would have loved Lécurieux. We expect much from him, from his intelligence, his close study, his untiring energy. The work he is about to execute for his native town of Dijon will doubtless be well-worthy of both; the sketch for the composition has caused us to consider that he

"N'est pas l'homme en fleurs, nous faisant des promesses;
C'est l'homme en plein rapport deployant ses richesses."



THE FLOWER-GROUPS OF M. BRAUN.

CHRISTIAN ART.*

THE first of the works under notice we cannot comprehend, and it is not without regret that we have read some parts of the second. This does not arise, however, from any deficiency of matter, want of, or from imperfect, information; for probably no work of late years has appeared that has evinced so much research, such unwearied diligence, or more extensive general knowledge; but from the circumstance, that it is meant as the illustrative of a "Central Principle" as yet unrecognised; the theory of "Progression by Antagonism," or of moral progress despite of evil existing in man, of which Christian Art is the symbolism; a theory, which, however plausible, or however true, disturbs at least the progress of Lord Lindsay's history by the antagonism of the discussion it introduces, and which it is intended to guarantee. At great risk of being unjust to the noble author, arising from the confined limits of our Journal, we shall endeavour, however, to place his views in this respect succinctly before our readers, and then discuss generally the contents of these volumes.

The perfection of human nature, implies the union of beauty and strength in the body, the balance of the imagination and reason in the intellect, and the submission of the passions and intellectual pride to the will of God in the spirit. Adam was thus created, but fell; the original harmony ceased, and spirit, sense, and intellect, with its two elements, reason and imagination, have been ever since at variance, and man inherits the imperfection of his parent. Nevertheless, the moral sense survives, the struggle of imagination and reason still reveals the vision of truth immortal in the heavens, of truth in the universal, inclusive both of particular truth and of that beauty antithetically opposed to it—the Ideal—the point of union between God and man—earth and heaven. So long as we keep the Ideal in view, we rise from sense to intellect, from intellect to spirit; but turn from it, and we instantly lose ground and revert from spirit to sense. This is an universal law of humanity, and the human race affords the most striking illustration of its truth, and an inquiry into its operation is the surest test whereby to judge of our progress towards perfection, and to refute the calumny that we stand no higher in the scale of being now, than we did in the days of Pericles or Sesostris. Now man is a progressive being, and with many periods of inaction and retrogression has still held a steady course towards the great end of his existence, the re-union and re-harmonising of the three elements of his being—sense, intellect, and spirit—each of which has had its distinct development at three distant intervals. The race of Ham built cities, established vast empires, invented the mechanical arts, and gave the fullest expansion to the animal energies. After them the Greeks, the elder line of Japhet developed the intellectual faculties — Imagination and Reason — while, lastly, the race of Shem, the Jews, and the natives of Christendom, have been elevated in spirit to as near an intimate communion with Deity, as is possible in this stage of being. Now the peculiar interest and dignity of Art consists in the exact correspondence of her three departments, with these three periods of development, and in the illustration, she thus affords more closely and markedly even than literature to the all-important truth, that men stand or fall according as they look up to the Ideal or not. For example;—the architecture of Egypt expresses the ideal of sense or matter; the sculpture of Greece is the voice of intellect and thought; while the painting of Christendom is that of an immortal spirit conversing with its God. As men cannot rise above their principles, so the artists of Greece never rose above the religious and moral sentiments of their age. Their Ideal was that of youth, grace, beauty, thought, dignity, and power. Form, consequently as the expression of mind, was what they chiefly aimed at, and in this they reached perfection. The highest element of truth and beauty, the spiritual, was beyond the soar of Phidias and Praxiteles. Herein then lies our vantage, not in our merit, not our genius, but in that we are Christians, and that we are raised by communion with God to a purer atmosphere, in which we see things in the light of eternity. Symmetry of form, or beauty of colouring, is not required of us: but the conception by the artist and expression to the spectator of the highest and holiest spiritual truths and emotions. Few will dispute this who have ever soared into the symbolic heaven of a Lombard or Gothic cathedral; renewed their vows of chivalry before the St. George of Donatello; or shared the cross and the palm, the warfare and the triumph of the church of all ages in the sympathy of the spirit, while contemplating the old Byzantine heads of Christ; the Martyrdoms of the Lombard Giotteschi; the Paradises of Fra Angelico; the Madonnas of Perugino, Leonardo, and Bellini; the Dispute of Raphael; and the Last Judgments of Orcagna and Michael Angelo. And yet these too are but aspirations after the Ideal—glimpses of that truth and beauty which the soul seeks after, and of which the prototype exists but in heaven. The Ideal is to us as a bright particular star which we fancy we shall grasp if we reach the top of the mountain, and so we still toil on, and still upwards for ever, love if it be true love supplying the motive to persist, even though the higher we ascend the more distant it appears—the more hopeless our pursuit. Such is the Ideal, such its influence on the Artist. No work of genius has ever been produced apart from that influence, and nothing in either of the three branches of Art has ever come fully up to its requisition.

Such is Lord Lindsay's theory of Christian Art; including much that may be very fairly conceded, and to which equally objection may be taken. It is a theory pushed too far. That Art is symbolic of the progress of nations from rudeness to refinement, we do not in the least deny; but that it is less instructive in this respect than literature, and bears but imperfect testimony unsupported by the history of the habits, manners, and social condition of a people, we think must be admitted. Neither can we consider, that human progress is such as Lord Lindsay believes it to be, or argues the perfectibility he forsees. We concede to him, that progress is the moral law, that, as each generation is the heir of the preceding, it transmits to its successors what it has inherited or acquired. But this progress is conditional and limited, and was never yet sufficient to justify either the enthusiasm of Lord Lindsay, or the splendid optimism of Madame de Stael. For it is a progress rather intellectual, than spiritual. When Lord Lindsay repudiates "the calumny that we stand no higher in the scale of being now than we did in the days of Pericles or Sesostris," we apprehend he refers chiefly to the European nations as an illustration of his views. For what is the condition elsewhere of this necessary and eternal progress? In Africa stationary almost; in China fettered as of yore, and retrograde, or but slightly advanced, in Egypt, India, and Persia. It is doubtful whether—a purer creed excepted—the social state of Greece be much advanced since Pericles ruled in Athens? Take, however, the most favoured nation—our own—does the condition of the vast mass of the poorer population argue the future progress Lord Lindsay infers? We are afraid not. Proceeding from the theory, we have now to consider Lord Lindsay's "Sketches of the History of Christian Art." It is impossible to undervalue its interest and importance, the information is varied and extensive, no accessible author has been neglected; no toil, no study spared; travel has enlarged experience—strengthened and confirmed research—the style, if at times enthusiastic, is at all times earnest—the purpose throughout sincere, Lord Lindsay's zeal has given dignity to the most trivial, and sustained, with untiring freshness the most barren details of a subject never to be made popular from its abstruseness, but without a due knowledge of which much of Christian History is imperfect—much of Christian Art a dead letter. The commencement of Christian Art was necessarily slow and rude. It inherited either little from Paganism, or its types were abhorred. The earlier fathers, indeed, condemned sculpture and painting as inseparably connected with it. Tertullian reproached Hermogenes with the two deadly sins of painting and marrying; the Council of Elvira proscribed pictures in churches. By degrees, however, this intolerance abated; but Christian Art first preferred allegory to representation, and long retained the symbol to express historic and spiritual themes. Thus, for instance, in an elaborate "TABLE OF SYMBOLS," prefixed to the first volume, we find that—

"Heaven is symbolised by the segment of a circle, sometimes of pure blue, sometimes edged with the three colours of the rainbow."

"The universe—by a globe or sphere, usually of deep blue:"

"God the Father—by a hand issuing from the preceding symbol of Heaven. Ezek. ii. 9. viii. 3:

"God the Son—by the monogram, formed of the initial letters of the name Christ, in Greek."

"——— by the cross, although more correctly the Symbol of Salvation through the Atonement: and this was also indicated by a rock, a lamb, a pelican, a vine, or by a lamp or candle, founded upon the authority of various scripture texts."

"The preceding symbols, and an almost endless variety of others, were varied, at pleasure, in endless combination, as may be seen, passim, in the tombs of Ravenna, and of the catacombs in the old Byzantine Mosaics, &c. They were superseded in a great measure, more especially in Europe, towards the sixth and seventh centuries, by a new description of symbolism, of Persian and Teutonic origin, the parent, collaterally of our modern heraldry. The ancient symbolism revived, in more than its original depth and complication of meaning, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but only for a moment; and although a few of the symbols have been perpetuated to the present time, the majority are now totally forgotten, west, at least, of the Adriatic."

We wish we could freely extract from Lord Lindsay's chapter on "Christian Mythology" the materials of Christian Art during the middle ages, and equally important for the due understanding of much of the poetry of that period; but we must content ourselves with the following short extract, which may not be uninstructive, at least, to the readers of Milton.

THE HEAVENLY HIERARCHIES.

"The heavenly host is divided into three hierarchies, and each hierarchy into three orders—nine in all. To the upper belong the Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones, dwelling nearest to God, and in contemplation rather than action, and to whom appertain, severally and distinctively, perfect love, perfect wisdom, and perfect rest.

"To the middle hierarchy, the dominations, virtues, and powers, to whom are committed the general government of the universe, the gift of miracles in the cause of God, and the office of resisting and casting out devils.

"To the lower, the principalities; archangels and angels, entrusted with the rule and ordinance of nations, &c.; that of individuals of the human race, every man being attended by two angels, the one evil, persuading him to sin, for the exercise of his faith! the other good, suggesting righteousness and truth, and protecting him from the former."

This is succeeded by an elaborate general classification of schools and artists, but to be regarded as merely an approximation to a correct one. The principle adopted is that of influence opposed to locality, according to the proverb, "Non ubi nascitur, sed ubi pascitur." Two of the most interesting points in the early development of Christian Art are the Basilicas, and Catacombs. It is natural to suppose that upon the conversion of Constantine the several temples of Rome would have been given up to the Christians as the cathedrals of the former dominant faith were, at a later period, to the Reformers. There were many causes to prevent this; the interior of Rome was still in the occupation of the heathen, the rites of Paganism were not proscribed, and had Constantine even granted their use from policy or power, they were but little adapted to the purpose. The simplicity of the Grecian temple harmonised only with its own form of worship; it was more of a public place, sometimes, indeed, hypœthral or open to the air, The Christian worship demanded great seclusion; the Church had adopted also, the Jewish custom of secluding the female congregation, and light was required for the service. This is, we believe, the first work which has aimed at presenting so complete a view of a subject, so interesting as connected with religion, so important as illustrating the history of the middle ages, and so indispensable to the tourist who will, from the attentive study of these volumes, be now enabled to comprehend many of the themes, and to enter more largely into the motives of many of those works of art, particularly at Berlin and Munich, which are for the most part otherwise mute signs. It is the result of knowledge and observation—a labour evidently of love, and, except where his theory breaks in, of thoughtful judgment, and expressive writing. No quotations will give our readers an accurate idea of the volumes, but they bear throughout evident proofs of Lord Lindsay's great attainments, and of his ambition to elevate his theme, by the influence of these attainments on his mind. Lord Lindsay's Ideal is the highest—God in all.

* Progression by Antagonism. By Lord Lindsay. London: John Murray, 8vo., 1846.

Sketches of the History of Christian Art. By Lord Lindsay. London: John Murray, 3 vols., 1847.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES.

THE COLLECTION OF THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELLESMERE, BELGRAVE-SQUARE,

We resume our account of this Gallery.

SOUTH DRAWING-ROOM CONTINUED.

GUIDO. 'The Assumption of the Virgin.' An altar-piece, 9 feet high by 6 feet wide, with figures the size of life. We have been acquainted with the grace and beauty of Guido's penitent Magdalens, and worshipping Virgin Maries, but all of them sink into a *piccolezza* before this magnificent display of divine feminine personation. In an atmosphere of golden glory, the Virgin stands on a crescent sustained by three cherubims in a posture of ecstatic devotion towards the Almighty, bearing on her head a diadem of stars. An angel, buoyant on each side of the principal figure, is seen with folded arms worshipping the Divine Mother; other cherubim assist the composition. The picture is a perfect flood of light—the mental execution of Guido's best time. It was originally in the Cathedral at Seville, and appears to have been obtained in Spain, during her wars against French domination, by the Chevalier Bourke, Danish Envoy to the Court of Madrid; from him it passed into the collection of G. Watson Taylor, Esq., and at the sale of his pictures was purchased by Mr. Smith, of Bond-street, from whom Lord Ellesmere made the acquisition. It is now being engraved on a large scale by Watt, and will certainly be one of the finest prints ever published in England. We hope the beauty of the subject will create a sensation for works of a higher order than the public taste (or rather the want of it) has latterly encouraged.

LANFRANCO. 'The Vision of St. Francis.'

In this saloon a marble statue of 'A Young Girl reading,' by M'Dowell, 1839, is placed on a pedestal between the windows.

DINING-ROOM.

G. B. MOLA. 'St. John Baptising the Saviour.'

RAFFAELLE. 'La Madonna del Paseggio.' The composition is represented in a landscape where the Virgin and Infant Saviour are walking (hence the title), and are approached by the youthful St. John, who reverentially bends in homage to kiss his Redeemer. St. Joseph is partially seen in the middle distance. There have been many engravings made of the subject by Larmessin, Pesne, Legrand, Heath, Anderloni, and others, and there are several repetitions of the picture existing in celebrated collections; but those who have had the opportunity of comparing them give the preference to this, as the finest of all. It was obtained by the Duke of Bridgewater from the Orleans Collection, where it was the most important of the pictures of Raffaelle among the twelve examples which graced the assemblage; in the valuation by Mr. Bryan it was placed for the sum of 3000 guineas, at which price it was retained. It may not be too much to say, it is the finest picture, painted in oil, by this greatest of painters that exists in the United Kingdom. The pedigree is traced as follows:—It was presented by one of the Dukes of Urbino to Philip II., King of Spain, and by him to Rodolph II., Emperor of Germany. At the capture of Prague by Gustavus Adolphus, it was carried off by the conqueror to Sweden, with other fine works, and was with them inherited by Queen Christina. On her death she bequeathed to a favourite, named Azzolini, this picture, and it was subsequently sold to Livio Odeschalchi, Duke of Bracciano, when it was added to the other pictures of the deceased Queen, which he had also obtained by purchase. From the Duke of Bracciano the picture passed into the Orleans Gallery. It will always be a subject of sincere regret that we possess in England so few of Raffaelle's pictures. Placed by universal consent, from the time of his living to the present day, beyond all others in attainment of the highest qualities of Art, it is a singular but not less certain truth, that many opportunities of acquiring true and authenticated pictures of this great master have been totally lost. Some of his smaller and very early works, forming portions of what are called the *predellas* of altar-pieces, are distributed in various collections, but in his finished oil pictures of his second or third period we are lamentably deficient. Lord Garvagh has the small Aldrobandini picture; Mr. Munro, 'The Virgin with the Candelabra'; Earl Cowper, a 'Madonna and Child'; and in the National Gallery we possess the St. Catherine. 'These are nearly all our riches, with the exception of the collection we are now describing, which possesses alone four of the Divine Master's works. With jewels so few and far between, this dining-room can boast on its walls of three Raffaelles, all fine works rivalling each other, any one of which singly entrances the visitor, while to view them all constitutes an epoch in his life. The works of Raffaelle are the nearest approach to perfection that the mind of man has ever consummated; and it is almost impossible to appreciate them thoroughly without a long course of preparatory study. In the progress to a perfect investigation of the knowledge, science, and ideality which have contributed to the formation of these sublime conceptions, we are overwhelmed at every advance by the astounding capacity of intellect displayed, invested with the united charms of grace, dignity, and purity of imagination. In his larger works of the latter or third manner, the unearthly sublimity of Art is attained, they are unrivalled, even unapproachable. The size is 33 inches by 23 inches.

DOMENICHINO. 'Grand Landscape with Fishermen.' It came from the collection of Hautefeuille into that of the Duke of Orleans.

SCHIDONE. 'The Virgin instructing the Infant Saviour to read.' Belonged once to the French painter Coypel, who sold it to the Duke of Orleans.

GUIDO. 'The Virgin with a Sampler.' A small composition, with angels offering a crown of flowers.

RAFFAELLE. 'La Vierge au Palmier.' This is a circular picture, 3 feet 6 inches in diameter. It was originally painted on panel, but has been since transferred to canvas. Raffaelle painted two 'Holy Families' when at Florence, in 1506, for his friend Taddeo Taddei, and this, according to Passavant, is one of the pictures; the other having belonged to the Empress Maria Theresa, and being now at Vienna. The present King of France, Louis Philippe, informed the late Duke of Sutherland, that a tradition existed in the Orleans family of this picture having been inherited by two elderly maiden sisters, and that, not being willing to accord the possession of it to either, they actually broke it into halves. It became the property, after this mutilation, of the Count de Chiverni, then of the Marquise d'Aumont. She sold it to Monsieur de la Noue, from whom it passed into the gallery of Tambonceau, subsequently into that of M. de Vanolles, from whom it was purchased by the Duke of Orleans. It has been engraved by Gilles, Rousselet, Jean Raymond, Massard, Huber, and latterly by Martinet, of Paris. The composition represents the Virgin Mary seated under a palm-tree, holding the infant Saviour on her knee: Joseph, kneeling, presents him some flowers. The whole subject is of the most pure and divine conception; the expression of the infant Redeemer leaves nothing more to be hoped for: it is the very perfection of the creative faculty of High Art.

L. DA VINCI. 'Head of a Young Female,' from the Orleans Collection. This picture has since been attributed to Bernardino Lulai.

GUIDO. 'The Infant Christ Sleeping on the Cross.' An exquisitely graceful small picture: from the Orleans Collection.

PARMEGIANO. 'The Virgin, Infant Christ, and St. John, with Mary Magdalen.'

RAFFAELLE. 'The Virgin and Infant Saviour,' called "la plus belle des Vierges," from the Orleans Collection; 2 feet 7½ inches high, 1 foot 10 inches wide, on canvas, having been transferred from panel, by Hacquin. It is supposed to have been painted about the year 1512, and was purchased in Italy by the Marquis de Seignelay, son of the great Colbert, from whose collection it was transferred to the Orleans, and subsequently to the Bridgewater Gallery. There are several repetitions of this picture existing in various collections, painted either by Raffaelle's pupils or contemporaries, and numerous engravings of the subject by Larmessin, Romanet, Boulanger, F. Poilly, and many others. The title given to this picture at once indicates the high degree of esteem with which it has always been regarded by enlightened amateurs. To be the most beauteous of all the representations by Raffaelle of the Virgin Mary is indeed exaggerated praise, and, as most persons are sensitively impressed by the influence of feminine beauty, the flattering appellation here conferred could not have been recognised so universally, but by common consent and almost unanimous opinion of its absolute truth. The Virgin is represented half-length, looking affectionately at the infant Saviour on her knee. Independent of the divine beauty of the mother, the youthful Jesus is drawn with a grace of movement and elegance of outline unsurpassed by any other representation of infantine loveliness. The three pictures of Raffaelle we have here noticed are placed level with the eye on the same side of the apartment, separated from each other by some small cabinet gems of Guido, Schidone, and L. Da Vinci; although these are exquisite works of great masters, their beauties are diminished by the overpowering admiration felt in presence of the wondrous Raffaelles.

SIR P. LELY. 'Portrait of a Young Lady.'

BOURGOGNONE. 'Battle-piece.'

DOBSON. The portrait of Charles I., seen in profile.

C. BACKHUYZEN. 'A Breeze—View off the Dutch Coast.'

J. RUYSDAEL. 'Dutch Scenery—Buildings, a Windmill, Sluice, and the Dykes.'

D. TENIERS. 'An Alchymist,' 1639. From the Orleans Gallery: engraved by Le Bas, and one of the painter's most perfect performances of this class of subject.

PALMA VECCHIO. 'The Reposo,' from the Orleans Collection.

CLAUDE. 'Landscape, with the episode of Moses and the Burning Bush—Evening.' Four pictures of this great master of landscape are comprised in this collection, and are all placed in this room: they are of the finest quality, and every one of them is known from its subject in the "Liber Veritatis." The present example and its companion are imbued with a higher degree of grandeur than his more pastoral scenes display; to which the introduction of a single historical figure, as a principal object, greatly contributes. They were painted in 1664 for Monsieur de Bourlemont, from whom they were successively possessed by Mr. Clarke, the Hon. E. Bouverie, and the Duke of Bridgewater. Liber Veritatis, No. 161.

TITIAN. 'Diana and Actæon.' This is another of the glories of Art in this glorious saloon. The picture we have before noticed of the 'Diana and Calisto' is a companion picture, and it is not possible to give the preference to either. This has fewer figures, being composed of eight only, whereas the other contains eleven figures. They were both in the Orleans Collection, which contained twenty-seven pictures of the Prince of Colorists. These two capital works are painted in what is distinguished as being of Titian's silvery manner, and all that has been already said of the other is equally applicable to this splendid performance.

SCHIAVONE. 'The Marriage of St. Catherine.'

CLAUDE. 'View on the Seashore—Morning, with Demosthenes studying Oratory.' On the left hand are the ruins of a magnificent Greek temple. Having already described the companion picture called 'The Moses,' there is nothing to add but that this is No. 171 of the Liber Veritatis.

F. MIERIS. 'An Interior, with a Woman scouring a Pan.' From the Geldermeester Collection, and engraved by Warren.

G. POUSSIN. 'Landscape, a Valley environed by Hills.'

J. RUYSDAEL. 'Landscape, a Peasant driving Sheep.'

P. SLINGELANDT. 'Interior of a Kitchen, with three Figures and numerous accessories,' 1685. Of extreme finish, and an example of labour in detail equal to anything in this class of Dutch Art. From the Braancamp and Geldermeester Collections.

G. POUSSIN. 'Landscape, with a Ruin.'

J. RUYSDAEL. 'Hilly Landscape, with a River.'

J. WYNANTS. 'Landscape, a Rural Scene, with Figures fishing.'

K. DU JARDIN. 'Mountainous Landscape on a Summer Evening, with Laden Mules and Travellers.'

JAN STEEN. 'The Fishmonger.' A group of half-length figures.

CLAUDE. 'Landscape, with Cattle—Morning.' Replete with the most refreshing aërial tints in a

scene of perfect Arcadian repose. Liber Veritatis, No. 101.

REMBRANDT. 'Portrait of a Burgomaster,' life-size, three-quarters, August, 1637. From the Geldermeester Collection.

CLAUDE. 'Landscape, with Figures, representing the Metamorphosis of the Apulian Shepherd into an Olive-tree.' Painted in 1657, for M. de la Garde, and purchased by Sir Paul Methuen, in Italy, for the Duke of Bridgewater. Liber Veritatis, No. 142.

N. BERGHEM. 'Landscape, rocky Scene, with Figures.'

C. NETSCHER 'Interior.' Three whole-length figures of a lady and gentleman, with a page attending on the lady.

J. RUYSDAEL. 'View near Haerlem.'

A balcony is attached to the windows of this apartment, which open into it level with the floor, and, being roofed and glazed, forms a kind of corridor. It is decorated with various articles of porcelain, as statuettes of saints, and candelabra, and is further adorned with some choice works of modern sculpture, among which are marble busts of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, the Duke de Bordeaux, by C. Nieuwerkerke; small statues of Religion, and a Nymph, by E. Wolff; Roma, and a Ganymede, by Pozzo, Roma.

HER LADYSHIP'S BEDROOM.

HOPPNER. 'Portrait of Lady Charlotte Greville with a Dog.' Life size.

W. VAN DE VELDE. 'The great Naval Battle between the English and Dutch Fleets in 1666, which lasted four days.' The picture, which is full of animation, and one of the most capital works of the master, represents the period when the Royal Prince of 92 guns, commanded by Admiral Sir George Ascough, had unfortunately struck on the Galopper Sands. The Gouda, of 64 guns, bearing the flag of Admiral Van Tromp, is seen, accompanied by a fireship, approaching to take possession of her. The Royal Prince was afterwards burnt by the Dutch, as they feared she might be retaken by the English. There is in this collection a smaller picture of this subject by the same master. From the collections of Geldermeester and Walsh Porter, Esq.

SASSO FERRATO. 'Head of the Virgin.

SIR PETER LELY. 'Portrait of the Countess of Middlesex.'

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. 'Lord and Lady Clive, their Child, and an Indian Servant.' Composition of portraits, life-size, three-quarters length.

ANNIBAL CARACCI. 'Christ on the Cross.' From the Orleans Collection.

GASPAR POUSSIN. 'The Environs of Tivoli.' A grand composition; an upright picture.

RAFFAELLE. 'La Vierge au Linge'; also called 'La Vierge au Diadème,' and 'Le Sommeil de *Jésus*.' This picture appears to have belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is supposed to have been painted about the year 1509. There is a repetition of it in the Gallery of the Louvre. It is one of the most graceful and attractive of all Raffaelle's compositions of similar subjects. The Virgin, wearing a coronet, is kneeling, and lifting a veil or piece of drapery, which displays the infant Saviour sleeping; the youthful St. John, kneeling, clasps his hands in fervent devotion. In the background are the ruins of the Vigna Sacchetti, near Rome. The subject has been frequently engraved.

S. ROSA. Large upright mountainous 'Landscape with Cascade.'

HER LADYSHIP'S DRESSING-ROOM.

NIEREVELDT. 'Portrait of a Gentleman.'

A. CUYP. 'Landscape with a Grove of Trees.' A gentleman on horseback is talking with country people. From the collection of M. de Calonne.

A. OSTADE. 'A Lawyer in his Study.'

ROTTENHAMMER. 'Children Dancing in a Circle.' From the cabinet of the Greffiers Fagel.

RICHARD WILSON. 'Grand Landscape, with the story of Niobe and her Children.' Wilson repeated this subject several times, which appears to have been a favourite one, notwithstanding it called forth a stringent criticism by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his fourteenth discourse addressed to the Royal Academy.

A. CUYP. 'Ruins of the Castle of Koningsvelt, in Holland, with Figures and Cattle.'

G. DOW. 'Woman at a Window selling Herrings to a Young Girl.'

A. OSTADE. 'A Group of Three Artisans in an Interior, near a window: one is smoking, and the other two playing at Draughts.' Formerly in the collections of Blondel de Gagny and the Count de Merle.

C. DUSART. 'An Interior, with Peasants gambling and carousing.'

VAN TOL. 'An Old Woman reading.'

N. BERGHEM. 'Landscape with Figures—an Evening Scene.' This and a companion picture belonged to Mr. Purling: the companion was purchased by George IV., and is now in the Queen's Gallery.

VELASQUEZ. 'Whole-length Portrait of a natural Son of the Duke D'Olivarez,' from the collection of the Count Altamira, of Madrid. It is a life-size figure, painted in the most free and masterly manner; many of the details are scarcely more than indicated, yet the *ensemble* is of the most captivating truth.

G. METZU. 'A Lady, in a scarlet velvet Jacket trimmed with Ermine, caressing a Spaniel.' From the Geldermeester Collection.

VAN TOL. 'A Musician apparently fatigued and sleeping.' So beautifully painted that it has frequently been attributed to W. Mieris.

D. TENIERS. 'Peasants playing at Skittles in the Yard of a Cabaret.'

GRIMOUX. A fine copy of 'The Good Shepherd' of Murillo; the original belonged to the late Sir Simon Clarke, and is now possessed by the Baron Rothschild.

A. OSTADE. 'Boors playing at Nine Pins in front of a Village Alehouse.' From the Geldermeester Collection. Dated 1676.

A. BRAUWER. 'Boors singing.'

W. VAN DE VELDE. 'Early Morning—a small upright Calm.' From the cabinet of the Prince de Conti.

D. TENIERS. 'An Interior, Peasants smoking and gambling.' A very small specimen, but of the highest quality of execution.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Whole-length portrait of a Lady (name unknown), leaning on a vase of flowers.

A. OSTADE, 1671. 'The Lawyer and Client.' The venerable functionary of the law is carefully perusing a deed, whilst a Dutch farmer is waiting with anxious looks, holding a present of game. The tale is so naturally told, and the countenances so truly express the scene, that the sentiment is perfectly illusive. Ostade has never painted anything so characteristic; the execution of the picture is commensurate with its other excellencies. From the collection of the Greffiers Fagel.

VAN TOL. 'An Old Man reading.'

STEENWYCK. 'The Interior of a Church by Torchlight.'

D. TENIERS. 'Village Scene—a Peasant carrying a Basket.'

P. P. RUBENS. 'St. Theresa kneeling, prays for the Relief of Souls in Purgatory.' Sketch for a large picture.

PHILIP WOUWERMANS. 'Grooms watering Horses at a Stream, crossed by a Bridge, over which a Hay-cart is passing.'

R. MENGS. 'Portrait of Robert Wood, Esq.,' author of "Ruins of Palmyra."

J. BOTH. 'Ruins of a Gateway in a Landscape,' with figures, by CORNELIUS POELEMBERG.

A. OSTADE. 'The Proposal.' The subject consists of two figures rather larger than Ostade usually painted. A peasant girl, leaning on the half-door of a cottage, appears listening with gratifying attention to the proposal made by a man habited as a Dutch farmer. The latter figure has been usually considered a portrait of the painter himself. The picture has always been held in great esteem, and has successively passed through the collections of Braancamp, Prince de Conti, Duc de Chabot, Le Brun, and Helsleuter.

D. TENIERS. 'Flemish Winter Scene.' Several figures; a butcher dressing a pig.'

VAN OS. 'Fruit and Flowers on a Marble Slab.' Well grouped, and exquisitely finished.

PHILIP WOUWERMANS. 'Boys bathing in a Canal: on the banks groups of figures, among which are Peasants unloading a Hay-cart.' This, and the preceding one of 'Grooms watering Horses,' form a pair of the artist's most exquisite works; very bright, elaborately finished, and in perfect preservation.

F. ALBANO. 'A Reposo with Angels.' A capital picture of the master, formerly belonging to Mons. De Nancré, and afterwards the Duke of Orleans.

MURILLO. 'Lazarus at the Rich Man's Door.' A study for a larger picture.

P. LAURI. 'The Reposo, attended by Angels.'

THE LIBRARY.

VAN THULDEN. 'The Three Kings,' gorgeously attired. A copy from the picture by Rubens.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. 'Sea View.' An agitated sea, in which a group of Dutch fishing-boats form the principal object: some ships of war are riding in the distance; a large mass of troubled clouds indicates the presence of a gale. This picture, having been engraved on a large scale, is consequently generally known for its composition and subject. It is painted in cool grey tones, and executed with all the good qualities of the accomplished painter, unalloyed by any of his later mystical caprices. The picture is a kind of rivalry with the large W. Van de Velde in the North Drawing-room, and by its successful competition confers honour on the British school.

P. VERONESE. 'Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis.' The figures are of life size. The picture is one of those which belonged to Queen Christina of Sweden, and afterwards passed into the Orleans Collection.

ANNIBAL CARACCI. 'Tantalus.' A life-size figure.

REMBRANDT. 'Portrait of a Lady,' size of life, in a carved frame of the most elaborate perfection.

POLIDORO DA CARAVAGGIO. 'A Frieze.' Nymphs on each side form a procession to a small temple in the centre of the composition.

CANELLIS. Four small views in Spain.

O. MARINARI. 'Our Saviour and the Virgin,' companion pictures, of small octagon form, in antique frames.

A. SCHIAVONE. 'Christ before Pilate.' The figures are half-length, size of life. This is another of Queen Christina's collection, subsequently incorporated into the Orleans Gallery.

VERBOOM. Large landscape.

GUERCINO. 'Saints adoring the Trinity.' Study for an altar-piece.

ANNIBAL CARACCI. 'Diana and Calisto,' from the Tamboncan and Orleans collections. The paternity of this wonderfully fine picture is disputed. Dr. Waagen insists upon its being a work of Domenichino's, from a repetition of the pose of the figures, and some of the heads of the famous 'Danaë,' by his master in the Borghese Palace at Rome. On the other hand, the group of the two nymphs in front exist in an engraving by Agostino Caracci, and the picture ought probably to be rather ascribed to the latter painter, than to his brother Annibal or to Domenichino. In Mr. Bryan's valuation of the Orleans Gallery it was named at 1200 guineas, for which price it was retained by the Duke of Bridgewater.

SCARSELLINO DI FERRARA. 'Christ appearing to his Disciples." From the Orleans Collection.

THE YOUNG LADIES' SITTING-ROOM.

TILBORGH. 'Peasants regaling at the door of a Cabaret.'

H. ZORG. 'An Interior, with Boors drinking.'

C. HUYSMAN. 'Rocky Landscape with small Figures.'

TILBORGH. 'A Rustic Wedding.' Many figures compose this large and capital work.

G. VAN HARP. 'Boors carousing.'

C. HUYSMAN. 'Landscape and Figures.'

JAN VICTOR. 'Tobias parting from his Family.' A sacred subject treated with so much indifference of sentiment, that it might pass for an ordinary event in the life of a Dutch family; but it is nevertheless finely painted.

C. DUSART. 'Dutch Guinguette, with Peasants regaling.'

DE WITT. 'Interior of a Church.'

JOHN WILSON. 'Sea Piece—a Breeze.'

G. B. PANINI. 'An Interior.' A magnificent saloon hung round with pictures, representing the most celebrated remains of Ancient Rome. The artist has portrayed himself, among a group of figures, copying the well-known bas-relief called the 'Nozze Aldrobandini.'

G. B. PANINI. 'St. Peter's, at Rome, and the Piazza.' In front are the carriages of Pope Benedict XIV., and of various cardinals, nobles, and

ambassadors, attended by the retinue of the Pontiff and crowds of spectators. These capital works are each upwards of seven feet in length, and are painted with the greatest care and truth. They are certainly his *chef d'œuvres*, and place the artist much higher than he is usually estimated. Lord Ellesmere acquired them at Rome in 1840.

A. Cuyp. 'Landscape and Figures.' A large picture, in which there are numerous cattle, and a woman milking.

J. Vernet. 'A Tempest.' A clever composition, full of subject.

Gainsborough. 'Landscape—two Cows and Figures in a Meadow.'

C. Molenaer. 'Celebration of a Peasant's Wedding.'

H. Steenwyck. 'Interior of a Church in Antwerp.' Mass is being performed at one of the altars. The figures are by Van Thulden.

J. Vernet. 'A Calm on the Coast of Italy—Effect of a Misty Morning.' This picture is companion to the preceding one of 'A Tempest.'

C. De Heem. 'Composition of Fruit and Flowers.'

Decker. 'Landscape, with Cottages on a River Side.' From the Collection of Watson Taylor, Esq.

Roger Van de Weyde. 'Taking down from the Cross.' A number of small figures on a gold ground, elaborately painted. An excellent specimen of a very early painter.

SMALL FRONT BEDROOM.

A. Brauwer. This singular picture was obtained by his Lordship in Russia. An antique frame is painted to enclose the subject, decorated with groups of flowers by D. Seghers. Within this a barren landscape, with a few cottages and some stunted trees, painted with a fresh and bright touch, extremely effective for the light that pervades the scene.

A. Janssens. 'Interior—a Servant cleaning a Jug.'

Wynants. 'Landscape.' The scenery is more varied than usual in this example, which has its beauties much augmented by figures from the pencil of Lingelbach.

A. Cuyp. 'Cows in a rocky Landscape.' A shepherd is playing on his pipe.

Ghisi. 'The Virgin in Adoration.'

Wildens. 'A Landscape—Forest Scenery.'

Peter Wouwermans. 'A Battle.'

P. Van Lint. 'A Musical Party.'

Richard Wilson. 'View in Italy.'

J. Van Huchtenberg. 'A Battle of Cavalry.'

INNER FRONT BEDROOM.

F. Mozzani. 'Cephalus and Procris.'

C. De Heem. 'Fruit Piece—Grapes, Peaches,' &c. Purchased by Lord Ellesmere in Madrid.

Jacob Artois. 'Woody Landscape,' with figures by D. Teniers.

C. Schut and D. Seghers. 'The Virgin and Child, in a Garland of Flowers.'

G. Schagen. 'An Interior—with Figures of Peasants and Children.'

N. Berghem. 'Large Landscape'; representing a barren heath, with peasants and cattle of unusual dimensions for this painter.

Milbourne. 'A Sea Piece.'

Langen Jan. 'The Assumption of the Virgin.' Many figures, being a composition for an altar-piece.

Breckelenkamp. 'Interior—an Old Woman frying Pancakes.'

J. Breughel. 'A City on Fire by Night.'

Rottenhammer. 'The Nativity.'

F. Hals. 'Portrait of a Woman, wearing a large Ruff.'

L. Caracci. 'The Dead Christ, and Weeping Maries,' called a Pietà; a small study for a large picture—full of intense pathos and exquisitely-displayed feeling.

G. Poussin. 'Mountainous Scenery—under the influence of tempestuous weather.' A capital composition, from the Colonna Palace. It has been engraved.

P. Lauri. 'Bacchus and Satyrs.'

R. R. Reinagle, R.A. 'Large Landscape.'

D. Stoop. 'A Traveller reposing.'

Lorenzo Lotti. 'The Virgin and Child,' with figures of saints, half lengths; an interesting specimen in good preservation of this early Venetian painter.

A. Kierings. 'Landscape—with Nymphs bathing'; a graceful picture; the figures are by Poelemberg.

Julio Romano. 'The Nursing of Hercules,' from the Orleans Collection. But very few of this painter's best works are to be found in our collections, and those we possess are by no means estimated at their true degree of excellence. Our connoisseurs have never yet been able to appreciate Raffaelle as the master beyond all others; and it is unlikely they could pay due homage to Julio Romano as the chosen pupil and fellow-labourer in those great works which have left all subsequent efforts of Art beneath them. Some occasions have arisen during the convulsion of states and fortunes of the last half century, which gave us opportunities now lost for ever; and even a few of Raffaelle's works, brought to this country, remained unsold, and only found purchasers in foreign lands. The designs of Julio Romano demand the highest investigation of our artists at the present time; every one of his figures appears to have had the same careful study of its pose and disposition which the ancient sculptors bestowed on their immortal works. The outlines are imbued with grace, elegance, and dignity, and the composition and grouping are replete with purity and classical grandeur. The picture in this collection is one of the finest works in England of the artist, and displays a profound knowledge of the higher qualifications which proclaim a great master.

BACK ROOM, SECOND FLOOR.

Peter Wouwermans. 'Horses in a Landscape.'

A. Van der Neer. 'View in Holland—Moonlight.'

A. Waterloo. 'Forest Scene.'

Blankhof. 'A Fresh Breeze on the Coast of Italy.'

H. Roos. 'Cattle in a Landscape.'

A. Van der Neer. 'A Dutch Village by Moonlight.'

J. Wynants. 'Landscape.'

Ghisolfi. A grand architectural composition.

J. Asselyn. 'View of the Ponte Mole, on the Tiber, with Cattle and Figures.'

F. Mille. 'Landscape, Buildings, and Figures.'

Polidoro da Caravaggio. 'The Passage of the Red Sea.'

Ghisolfi. Architectural scene, with a triumphal arch.

H. Swaneveldt. 'Landscape—a River and Figures.'

De Vlieger. 'View on the Dutch Coast.'

Craesbeck. 'A Peasant placing a Plaster to his Head.'

W. Van de Velde. 'Large Marine Subject, with a View of a City on the Coast.'

A. Cuyp. 'Evening—Travellers halting at an Inn; the Ruins of Koningsvelt Castle on the right.'

INNER BEDROOM.

J. Wyck. 'Conflict of Cavalry near a Fortress.'

F. Mille. 'Landscape and Figures.'

Tintoretto. 'Presentation in the Temple.'

J. Ruysdael. 'Landscape on the Banks of a River.'

W. Van de Velde. Small sea piece.

Sir Joshua Reynolds. 'Portrait of the Bishop of Rochester': three-quarter length.

Paul Bril. 'Landscape,' with figures of Pan pursuing Syrinx by Annibal Caracci, from the collections of the Duc de Choiseul and the Countess of Holderness.

Vander Leeuw. 'Landscape and Cattle.'

Titian. 'Danaë,' a copy by Partridge.

Moreelze. 'Zacharias holding the Infant Saviour.'

F. Snyders. 'Two Dogs, Fruit,' &c.

Domenichino. 'Grand Landscape and Figures.'

THE HALL AND STAIRCASE.

Starke. 'Landscape—Woody Scenery.'

Holland. 'View of Greenwich Hospital.'

. . . 'View in the Mediterranean.'

W. Simson. 'Hagar and Ishmael.'

Linton. 'View on the Coast of Italy.'

Antique. 'St. John Baptizing the Saviour.' Two whole-length figures of life size painted in the manner of Perugino.

Hondekoeter. Poultry and other birds.

A. E. Haller. Rome, 1845. Large landscape—'View in Italy.'

Titian. 'The Peter Martyr,' a copy of this celebrated picture.

Paul Veronese. 'The Judgment of Solomon,' from the Orleans Collection. A large composition of more than twenty figures.

Guercino. 'David and Abigail': she is offering presents to appease his anger against her husband Nabal. This picture, which is upwards of nine feet high and eleven feet wide, is a grand and showy composition of several figures the size of life. It is said to have been painted for the Cardinal Ludovisi; afterwards was in possession of the Cardinal Mazarin, and then passed into the Orleans Gallery. The original drawing, in pen and bistre, carefully executed and of great beauty, is framed and placed in one of the corridors of the mansion.

Parmegiano. 'Cupid carving his Bow.' This picture is one of those fortunate conceptions which become universally familiar. As the representation of a youth invested with all the attributes of the ideality of Greek Art, it stands a pre-eminent example of human perfection in design. Parmegiano must have felt how closely he rivalled the antique by treating the figure more as a statue, having no subject of background, and painting it of one uniform dark colour. Barry the painter says:—"This Cupid has all the excellence that can be wished for, as to the gusto, purity, rigour, drawing, and relievo, without any exaggeration of grace or sentiment, and seems to want nothing but a variety and harmony resulting from a background more connected with the other parts than can be afforded by the dull, uniform, dark mass of nothing upon which Cupid and the two heads are placed." This picture was painted for the Chevalier Bayard, the knight *sans peur, et sans reproche*, afterwards belonged to Queen Christina, and then passed into the Orleans Collection. It has been repeatedly engraved.

Salvator Rosa. 'Jacob watering his Flock,' in a grand landscape, purchased in Italy by Sir Paul Methuen, for the Duke of Bridgewater.

Titian. 'The Last Supper,' a copy by Schiavone, after the picture painted by Titian for Philip II., and which is now in the Royal Gallery of Madrid.

Guido. 'St. Michael vanquishing the Dragon.' A copy of this master's famous picture now at Rome.

Vargas. 'St. John.' A life-size figure, having great feeling in the design and drawing, approaching the elevated character of the Roman school, where he studied the works of Raffaelle under the instruction of Perino del Vaga.

Annibal Caracci. 'Danaë.' A female figure recumbent, larger than life size, with a Cupid filling his quiver with the gold descending in a shower from above. From the Orleans Collection.

. . . 'Cattle,' in a landscape.

. . . Portrait of two children, whole length.

. . . 'Portrait of James I. in his Robes.'

. . . 'Portrait of William III.'

. . . 'Portrait of Queen Mary.'

We have now completed a catalogue of all the pictures composing the Bridgewater Gallery, with Lord Ellesmere's additions, and have to regret that many fine and important works should have been passed over without a single comment or explanatory notice. The great extent of the collection, and the profusion of pictures of known celebrity, have not permitted the indulgence of any analytical description we could have wished, confined, as we necessarily are, to a few pages in a periodical publication. In most instances we have given the origin and pedigree of the various examples in their transit through celebrated cabinets: believing that the history of works of Art is more useful to the reader, than a circumstantial detail of the subject; the latter belonging rather to the pages of a *catalogue raisonné* than to our abridged *resumé*. If *catalogues raisonné* were printed of the private galleries of England, they would render great service to the amateur, and be of extensive utility to those who are commencing to collect. They would give ready and previous information to the persons who are permitted, either from friendship or condescension, to visit these treasures; those who are less fortunate would acquire the knowledge where works of the great masters really exist, and collectors would become less liable to be deceived in purchases. The persons generally in charge of the mansions who attend upon visitors are not of a class competent or instructed to afford the de-

sired information, although sufficiently civil and attentive. In the compilation of our limited account, we have always been favoured by the most ready and condescending communication on the part of the distinguished possessors of these galleries; and our unbounded thanks are due for the advantages thus enjoyed, which have given the stamp of authenticity to our visits. While there is an absence of *catalogues raisonné*, we feel pleased that our less diffused account may assist to fill the vacuity until such useful manuals are undertaken. We believe that the possessors of some of the fine galleries that grace our country have already formed the intention of having these instructive and interesting guides to their contents carried into effect. It could be wished, but perhaps that is hoping for too much, that some of these very fine collections, which have been commenced and formed entirely by distinguished individuals, should be engraved and published. There are already a considerable number of the Continental collections which have been thus engraved; and these precious volumes are sought with desire and delight to complete the libraries of all persons of refined attainment. The Orleans, Choiseuil, Crozat, Poullain, Lebrun, and some others, are regarded as authentic records, invariably quoted, and the names of the bygone possessors of these engraved collections are thus handed down to futurity, associated with all the names that are great in Art, and finally participate in the generous feelings of admiration which a cultivated and enlightened posterity will always accord to those who have devoted their minds and fortunes to the acquisition of the greatest productions of pictorial talent.

The question has some difficulties, but at the present day not so many as formerly existed. Our present race of print publishers are not likely to undertake similar works on their own responsibility and means. Nothing tempts them but a vision of extravagant profit upon ephemeral subjects, such as Landseer's animals, or a plethora of portraits of her Majesty or the Duke of Wellington, &c.; they are not ambitious of a continuous and permanent gain—it must be a *coup*, neck or nothing. We have been led into this digression (and it is capable of leading us a good deal further), having now to notice that a single exception to the barrenness of our publications on the collections of Art, is a work on the Bridgewater Gallery, published some years ago. It is lamentable to reflect that thousands of pounds were wasted away and irrecoverably lost in the execution of the work. It is generally (alas! too generally) known by the title of "Tomkins's Stafford Gallery," in four folio volumes. This Tomkins was a bad pupil of Bartolozzi's bad manner (the dotted style): a man utterly incompetent as an engraver, but infected with the most astonishing confidence and conceit in himself—we would say in his acquirements, if he had possessed any. The executive part was announced to be under his management, and it would appear so to have been confided, as his vanity led him to select the finest pictures in this collection for his own engraving. We have only to refer to them as the lumber and encumbrance of print-shops and the auction-rooms; where the Stafford Gallery is constantly in the auctioneer's catalogue, as the only outlet left to work off the dead stock. The bad drawing, the wretched execution, and the insignificant size of the prints—some from pictures of six or seven feet long or high—crushed into two inches or an inch and a half in length or width, have long remained a stigma on an enterprise which must have absorbed several thousands of pounds, and produced a mortifying failure. With this beacon before us, the course is clear for the production of some fine and select gallery; the cost would be repaid by the sale, although slow at first, yet quite certain. Experience justifies the principle that a good print after a good picture is a remunerative article, and there would be no embarrassment in finding the talent to execute the work, or the integrity to conduct it.

In the notices we gave of the pictures by the Caracci, in our last number, we ventured a few remarks upon the style of this school as being more congenial to our national understanding of the duties of Art. The intense, superhuman expression given to Madonnas, St. Josephs, Mary Magdalens, and others, are incapable, from their very expression, of being successfully employed in the subjects which would be tolerated in High Art in a Protestant country. In Germany, the resuscitation of the early Italian manner has created a continuance of its conventional formalities, without imparting the great and most important of its artistic character—that of pure expression of the passions. The regeneration of the early Italian school in England would have a more lowering influence if applied to the compositions which would be demanded from High Art. Nowhere in this country can the Caracci be studied to such advantage as in this collection: not only are some of their finest pictures here, but Lord Ellesmere purchased in 1836 one hundred and fifty drawings by the three Caracci, as well as eighty by Julio Romano, from the unrivalled collection formed by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence. His Lordship paid £1500 for the Caracci drawings, and £800 for those of Julio Romano. Two of the most important, 'The Galatea' of Agostino, and the 'Aurora' of Annibal, were presented to the National Gallery shortly after the purchase. The greater portion of the Caracci drawings, and the whole of those by Julio Romano, are framed and dispersed on the walls of the corridors and the less important apartments in this house.

Wherever you turn, the most enchanting ideas crowd upon the vision, the luxury of the mind is satiated with the profusion at every angle and corner, and, instead of wandering in a Gallery or seeking treasures in a Museum, those who understand Art, and appreciate its highest achievements, will in this magnificent mansion enjoy themselves in the fullest perfection.

No portion of our task is more pleasant than that of recording the ready and condescending compliance which has been granted to us to view the various collections, and to none more so than in the present instance; besides the facilities and communications which so materially elucidate the History of Art. We again have to return our dutiful thanks for the free access which has enabled us to give an account of the gorgeous array of artistic treasures forming the Bridgewater Gallery, and we have the gratifying announcement to make that in the same liberal spirit we have been permitted to visit Bowood, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, in Wiltshire, the account of which visit will appear in our next number; and this will be followed by the very select collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., and the rare and brilliant one of the Right Hon. Lord Ashburton.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

IRELAND.—A branch of the Government School of Design is about to be established in Dublin; and, we believe, another in Belfast. Petitions on the subject have been addressed to the Lord Lieutenant—among others, one from the "National Art-Union"; in reply to which the following communication has been sent:—"It is undoubtedly of great importance to give to the manufactures and decorative trades of Ireland that encouragement which such institutions afford. This subject has already engaged the attention of the Government, and, in consequence of a communication which I addressed to the President of the Board of Trade, steps have been taken which, I trust, will speedily lead to the accomplishment of the object which you have in view."

ROYAL IRISH ART-UNION.—The Royal Irish Art-Union engraving for 1845, by C. Fox, after Mulready's 'Fight Interrupted,' is now in good progress; but, being a large and high-class line engraving, a very full subject, twenty figures—all requiring the greatest care—it will take some time before it is ready for the press. We should advise all members who cannot get information from the local agent to apply to "head-quarters" at once.

SCOTLAND.—By the kindness of the Earl of Ellesmere, the Royal Scottish Academy will have the advantage of exhibiting at their ensuing Exhibition Edwin Landseer's 'Return from Hawking'—a leading gem of his Lordship's noble collection at Worsley-hall.

NORWICH.—We learn from the "Norfolk Chronicle," that the prospects of the Norwich School of Design are extremely encouraging. It contains at present eighty male and eight female pupils, whose progress is in all respects satisfactory.

BIRMINGHAM.—Peter Hollins, Esq., the distinguished sculptor, has been lecturing at Birmingham upon the Fine Arts as applicable to Manufactures.

NOTTINGHAM.—The School of Design is progressing in a manner highly satisfactory. In our Report of its present state, we copied an error from the Report presented to the House of Commons: the attendance is 43 in the evening and 10 in the morning, instead of 10 in the evening and 43 in the morning. It should be remembered also that our summary brought the state of the several Schools only up to June last—the "Government Blue-book" going no further. There are now in the Nottingham School 130 students; with "numerous applications under consideration." Eighteen months ago the numbers on the books were only 24.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALMANAC OF THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

SIR,—Upon the 1st of January, A.D. 1847, a very friendly voice greeted me with—"A merry Christmas and a happy new year," and a very kindly hand, extended towards me, offered the "Art-Union Almanac" for my acceptance. Pleased with my trifle, I began to examine of what it was made, as children do with their musical toys, to find out where the sound comes from; and I trust the Art-Union will not consider me ungrateful, if I now venture to point out certain defects in its composition, which may thus attract attention.

The "Art-Union Almanac" very properly devotes its minimum of space to give the maximum of Fine-Arts information; but, to do this usefully, I submit some other arrangements are requisite. For instance, opposite the date of the month in the calendar, it gives the name of some artist who was born or died on that day; and this is useful to confirm your recollection of a fact, and remember the month to refer to, but quite useless if you are ignorant, and desire to know when an artist was born or died. Thus, I find opposite

Thursday, March 4, Sir H. Raeburn, b. 1756.
Friday, „ 5, A. Allegri Correggio, d. 1534.
Saturday, „ 6, M. A. Buonarotti, b. 1474.
Monday, „ 22, V. Dyck, b. 1599.
Sunday, „ 29, Raffaelle Sanzio, b. 1483.
Tuesday, April 6, Raffaelle Sanzio, d. 1520.
Thursday, May 30, P. P. Rubens, d. 1640.
Monday, June 28, P. P. Rubens, b. 1577.

So that in all these instances, if I desired to know when an artist was born or died, I must read the almanac through, until I find the date or dates, if I wished to know his age,—so unlikely circumstance. Now, I cannot but think this might be avoided. Suppose, for instance, if instead of the blank page "Memoranda," the information relative to Art were given, and removed from amid the entries of the calendar, there would then be room to make almost every entry perfect, birth and burial in one line, and both pages would be clearer. I would submit, too, the information might be yearly varied in this respect. If in one year you give this, in another give a classification of the various schools of Art, the names of their great artists, lists of the Presidents of the Royal Academy, &c., all of which might be done *by degrees*, after the mode of the French "Annuaire Historique." I would the more press this upon attention, because I doubt whether the space given for "Memoranda" will be ever better used by the recipients of the Art-Union bounty, and I am sure that in a few years' time the almanac would be greatly improved by the change. At all events, let whatever be given be explicit. Opposite Thursday, April 1, I find M. A. Buonarotti, the pupil of D. Ghirlandaio, 1488. Now, what did he do on that day? Was he born? did he die? was he married? did he play off tricks on the Pope? Again, January 30, "King Charles I." We all know, not so much what he did as what he suffered on that day, but it is as well to say so, particularly as in one instance I find a gentleman was "murdered," and in another "assassinated," opposite their respective dates.

Again: I would avoid all entries the length of which, by their requisite abbreviation, prevents or renders difficult their correct interpretation. Many of your readers will remember the stone sent by the Antiquary to Monkbarns with A. D. L. L., so glibly translated "Agricola dicavit libens, lubens," but which unhappily proved to be—"Aiken Drums Lang Ladle." In an almanac of this size, and specially devoted to the Arts, it is not *how much* can be given, but how much *completely, succinctly*, and *correctly* given; and I think by limiting its sphere and extending its space as I have suggested, very much valuable information would be thus brought together—and for this reason only I trouble you with this letter. In printing, also, on the "Memoranda" page, I would print only such dates as recorded some event; and the entries the length, and not the breadth, of the page, which would give greater additional space.

I trust no one will suspect me of a desire to be over-critical, if so at all; and I submit these observations only as suggestions for the improvement of a little Christmas-box, offered by a Society which has earnestly, liberally, and honourably laboured for the cultivation and promotion of British Art. I am, Sir, yours very truly,

DELTA.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Brighton, Jan. 19.

SIR,—May I request you to correct a statement made in your last number, in which I am reported to have anathematised the whole British school of Painting as a gathering of "chalky absurdities."

That phrase in my letter was applied solely to the works of Mr. Turner. A German criticism, which in the same number you quote as written at least in a fair spirit, thus refers to that gentleman's pictures:—"The works of a frequently-named artist, J. M. W. Turner, can only be cited to rank them in the class of the worst and most ludicrous aberrations which the art of painting could ever be subjected to. This sort of working is not painting at all."

I did indeed assert that "Piombo, Correggio, and Claude form a dangerous contrast to the pictures of the Royal Academy," where the works of Mr. Turner occupy the most important positions, and are evidently placed as models for imitation.

I trust, Sir, to your sense of justice to insert this letter in your next number. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

MIDSUMMER EVE; A FAIRY TALE OF LOVE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART THE SECOND.

THE kitchen at "Dovecote," as Mrs. Raymond, in happier days, had named her cottage, was a long rambling room; dried hams and fish, intermingled with bunches of herbs, were suspended from the rafters; and in a division, "hurdled" off for the purpose, the Nurse's favourite poultry, and, occasionally, a weakly lamb, or a brood of tender turkeys, while their red heads were progressing, found a well-warmed shelter. It was sufficiently confused and straggling to be styled "picturesque," and as uncomfortable as picturesque interiors generally are; there was a more than usual quantity of piggins and noggins, and very fine old chairs—some gaunt and high-backed, others grotesque and clumsy; it contained a dresser garnished by more "crockery" and pewter than "Nurse Kitty" cared to keep in order; a settle, a losset, and wheels for spinning both flax and wool; and a deep chimney—a perfect cavern of blackness, even when the fire burned brightest—made mirthful in winter by the merriest of crickets. A door, it will be remembered, opened from the kitchen into the chamber where the sweet subject of Fairy contest and Fairy care had drawn her first breath of life. In a small parlour at the opposite end of the dwelling she received the name of "Eva." Before I tell how swiftly time flew—what it created and destroyed—what it mended and tattered—I must describe, briefly, the up-and-down, half-rustic, half-ornée, habitation, where her childhood was passing. DOVECOTE certainly did not turn "its silver lining to the crowd;" the road view of the cottage was scarcely more than a mass of white wall and brown thatch; but those who were admitted within, and inhaled the perfume of its delicious garden, wondered what magic had been exercised to make so humble a place a very paradise of beauty. There was a strange mingling of architectural incongruities about it. The window of the sitting-room might have been called an oriel; it was laced with stained glass, and overhung by woodbine and clematis, where the butterfly and that gigantic beauty of Kerry—the great dragon fly—sported from sunrise to sunset. Next to this, a little square lattice peeped forth, plain and unadorned, save by the white curtain within; and beyond that was a porch—a perfect bower of climbing roses. At the other end was the ordinary kitchen-window, beside which Randy was generally found seated—so

much did he delight in watching the spray of the Torc waterfall, which gleamed above the trees. Opening, as this window did, upon the bend of the lawn, shaded by a sturdy rowan tree, and canopied by magnolia and variegated holly, it was in itself a study for a painter. A long grass bench, tufted with wild flowers, stretched nearly the length of the cottage, and then terminated abruptly at the porch, where the forest of roses rambled out and about, giving shelter to wrens, tits, and robins, half way to the top of the pointed gable which rose above it. Such a magazine of animated nature as both porch and gable had become!—the dear old gable!—which people said had been a tower, a castle, or something of an abbey—once. It was truly a most beautiful half-saved ruin! Its projecting stones covered with moss a foot deep—the green triumphant ivy trailing around what had been a buttress—the wall-flower and snap-dragon nodding to each other from their several nooks; the lichens and maiden hair, and golden-cupped flowers, with broad shining leaves, and the delightful tone of the sage-green moss, that clings closely to old stones, so lovingly anxious for their preservation, adding by contrast to the natural harmony of the whole—overgrowing the nest of the restless martin; while, a little higher up, the swallow—his toilsome journey over—knew that his home was ready. In a small niche-like nook an aged owl had dwelt for more than half a century; for men as old remembered him as long, looking out at twilight, with the same air and manner, if not wise, at least, contemplative and sedate. But, after all, the glory of the old gable was the weathercock; there were old, very old, people, in Cloghreen, who remembered when the weathercock was *not* there, but none who could tell when it was put up, or by whom; in short, there was a mystery—a story about it that was growing into a legend to try faith "hereafter." Everybody said the weathercock was too large for the gable—too heavy for the old wall; but the wall bore up bravely, and seemed proud of the distinction; nor did it at all mind the long massive bar of iron that was passed through it, and seemed rather proud than otherwise of the curiously-wrought cross that stood out so clearly against the sky. Surmounting the whole, beneath this symbol of Faith, were two crossed arrows, depending from

either end of which originally hung the iron letters that designate the four points of the compass; one of these had been removed, and a hand—the forefinger only extended—occupied its place. The cross was regarded with much veneration by the peasantry, and they failed not to draw omens from the birds that rested thereon. When the winds were wild and contended madly together, the weathercock groaned sadly, and the old gable with generous sympathy echoed its complaints; but, generally, it performed its duty silently—perhaps we may add—sullenly.

The garden of Dovecote had a charm which neither pen nor pencil can convey; it was evident that the presiding mind was of no common order; one that understood where every flower might be not only seen to the best advantage, but be so placed as to augment the beauty of its neighbours. Such fuschias—such myrtles—such verbenas, as flourished there, were never seen elsewhere in the open air, even in Kerry; it was a well-arranged community of flowers and shrubs, grouped in most charming harmony—of trees bending gracefully over the green turf, where the rich-toned crocus, and the delicate snow-drop, blossomed long before they peeped forth in less sheltered parterres; everything, indeed, was trained, as though nothing had been in training; so ordered, that disorder seemed impossible.

In this happy retirement, the young widow and her child were passing their lives: the first year of infancy had vanished, as Geraldine thought, without any danger having threatened her little Eva; but Randy was by no means of her opinion: he knew full well that the Kelpie Queen—who considered herself cheated of her right—had been watching for means to taint the mind and harm the heart of the young girl; and during the week that preceded her birth-day, he took little food or repose, but wandered unceasingly about the cottage, seeking and working charms. Always on her birth-days, it had certainly been evident to her mother that her temper became fitful; there seemed a contest in her little bosom between the spirit of evil and the spirit of good. She was restless—her eyes wandered—and she had said, more than once, she heard music when her mother sung not, and a louder rush of water than the fall of the waters of the Torc. The mystery that hovered around her made her an object of the deepest and tenderest interest to all by whom she was beloved.

Abundantly was the promise of her birth fulfilled. Richly indeed was this lovely child endowed with the purest and holiest affections of our nature. Her little life had been spent in discharging the offices of kindly love to all living things that came within her sphere. Inanimate nature shared her tenderness; not a drooping flower that she would not seek to revive, nor a bruised bough that she would not bind. This, to her, was neither care nor labour; on the contrary, it was her joy—her very life. She acquired music without an effort: loving it so dearly, that the complications of the science made her pastime: and whenever she wearied of her other studies, her mother had but to say, "If you loved me, you would learn," to urge her to increased exertion. If ever child was ruled and guided by the Law of Love, it was Eva Raymond! Even when guilty of faults which, though common to most children were uncommon in her, a word or two of tender reproach, rather than reproof, would at once cast her weeping on her mother's bosom. The purest passion sent from Heaven upon this sin-stained world is the love a mother bears her child! It is in its nature spotless, enduring, faithful, and intense,—a sacrifice of self at the shrine of Nature,—a deep mystery, which, when fathomed, causes the world to wonder at its depth and purity. And Geraldine watched over Eva with a mother's tenderness, and much of a father's wisdom. Her whole life was a mingling of hope and fear—not for herself, but for her child. Eva's appearance in the village was a jubilee; mothers pointed her out to their children, and children looked upon her with delight; while her mother's friends vied with each other in returning her considerate, and yet childish, love. One she would greet with garden—another with wild—flowers; to a third she would present fruit gathered by her own hand: for, though her mother was not rich, save in the possession of such a child, she managed to have something always ready to lessen the wants of those who needed;—and surely, like the widow's cruise, the generous hand is replenished by Him who loveth a cheerful giver. Eva was liberal in giving: she was more—she was generous to forbear. She could overcome any desire of her own, by the stronger desire of gratifying another; and this in childhood is perhaps the greatest of all proofs of love; for *then* the will is strong—the reason weak. As she advanced in years, her temper, at times, became more easily excited than was seemly, and she was strongly inclined to jealousy—not envious—there was no envy

in her nature—but jealous if she were not loved. She would praise and caress a playfellow, and tell over to her mother all the child's good deeds, and do all she could to create in her an affection for the child; and yet if her mother manifested much tenderness towards her companion, she would shed abundant tears—tears without words or murmurs. And this often troubled the gentle widow, made her thoughtful to call some other great feeling into action, and sometimes to doubt if her choice, at the child's birth, had been the safest and wisest; for if love, the pure love of her innocent heart, brought its ecstacy of happiness, it also conveyed its poignancy of pain: and then she remembered that none born into life can be separated from its sorrows—that the best lesson we can learn is to endure them—that the sweetest softener of our own griefs, is the privilege of soothing the griefs of others.

Time was passing; year added unto year its gatherings of knowledge and affection, and also its strength of will;—another and another birth-day went by, unmarked by any obvious danger. Child though she was—a very frolic, a toy, a delight, a sunbeam, a comforter—as far as love went, a friend—still she had hours of deep thoughtfulness, mingled with tears—unaccountable tears—and fits, not of sullenness, but of silence. Her seventh birth-day had now arrived, and her mother considered it as the passing away of childhood, for, in most things, the child had wisdom beyond her years. Day broke with even more than the loveliness of that lovely season; Randy arose with the sun from the green bench whereon he had passed

the night, and proceeded to sort the herbs he had collected in the moonlight. They were the wild herbs that had grown upon the banks of the rapid Laune—where the grass is ever young and always green; for the fairies love the moist place, and keep its verdure fresh and sweet at all seasons: in winter the frost comes not here; in summer no arid heat parches up the blades that are full of generous life. The village children are happy when their plays are on this pleasant sward. He was not long alone, for the Nurse soon joined him with a cordial greeting.

"Seven, Randy—seven to-day! and she looked wise enough last night for double that: if ever there was a born sunbeam it is that little darling."

"Ay," added Randy, "whose skin is as white as the blossom of the cuckoo sorrel; whose eyes are as blue as the flower of the flax; her lips red as the berry of the wood-strawberry that grows on steep Glena; her hair black as the raven's wing;—isn't that poetry, Kitty!"

"Poethry!" repeated the Nurse, contemptuously. "I'd thank you not to be drawin' comparasons of her beauty from such wild unnatural things as raven's wings."

"True for ye," he answered; "and I wonder any mortal has the daring to lift up his voice when such as that is looking at him!" and Randy reverendly uncovered his head to the sun, which had just risen from behind the mountains—a huge eye of glowing fire, whose rays penetrated the deepest and darkest forests of the eve beautiful glen.

"The birds don't mind it," said Kitty; "you hear them singing."

"Hymns!" replied the Woodcutter. "Hymns, and bits of praise and thankfulness: the flowers, poor things, open their leaves to the same tune; every blade of grass lifts itself up in gratitude at sunrise. Sure, I heard the unfledged birds learning their matins from their parents an hour ago, in the old gable. Such a twittering!—and now, hark how they sing out!"

"I think," continued the Nurse, after a pause, more in compliment to Randy's feelings than to her own: "I think I never saw so round a ring as that down yonder on the grass; there's twice as much dew on it as on any other part of the lawn. What made it, Randy?"

"Agh!" was the only answer to this leading question.

"Well," she continued, "I never thought you a bit like yourself since the night she was born. Seven years this blessed Midsummer night—and what a night that was!"

"It's yourself and the old pusheen cat that's alive still—'tis you both might say that, if you had any knowledge," replied the Woodcutter.

"I—and the cat! the ould grey pusheen that sleeps the four quarters round, barring Midsummer?"

"That's it!" exclaimed Randy: "that cat will never sleep another Midsummer night after what she went through: she always looks ould at Midsummer. A dale that ould pusheen might tell the world of what she sees and thinks; but she's wise and—silent. There's more than one might learn a lesson from a silent cat."

"You know all about herbs and cats, Randy; but you never say how I look," said the Nurse.

"Indeed, then," he replied, mingling his observations with comments upon his herb-gatherings: "I think you always look the same: the elder is a fine thing, and so is the ash; and the hazel, and liverwort, and ragweed, so are they—fine things; I don't see any change for the better on ye these twenty years. Cammomile, its bitter but true—the herb for you; and the sweet of the violet—the colour of her own eyes. But what's here," he exclaimed hastily; "I never could have gathered the wild rue, nor the wet dogweed, nor the water nettle! Was I mad, or are they put here for a warning?"

"He *is* mad, and he always was mad," said poor Kitty, "and knows more, I fear, than a Christian man should; and yet sees nothing hardly worth seeing around him! Lord help us! Why doesn't he catch the ould CLURICAUN, that does be mending his brogues, night and day, under the shadow of the cow-thistle? Why doesn't he lay hold of him, and make him give up the purse o' goold he carries ever and always in his pocket. A fairy man! enagh! and can't catch the only fairy worth catching—the ould cobbler that would make the little mistress as rich as she is beautiful! a fairy man!" and the Nurse retired to her own territory to prepare the several "treats" her best skill could devise, in the forms of Sally-Lun and Slim-cake, for her darling. But Kitty was not allowed to remain long at her occupation. She had enough to do to answer the taps at the door, and receive the various little tokens by which high and low, rich and poor, sought to testify their affection for Eva Raymond.

Long before she unclosed her eyes, her mother was praying by her bedside—praying earnestly to the Author of all good to protect her child through time and for eternity. THE MOTHER, so fair and young seemed like a sister bending over a sister's couch; but no sister ever framed such prayers—no sister ever felt such love! It increased the more for that that she saw the child's face grow troubled, while slowly, from between her closed lids, large tears came forth, flooding her glowing cheeks, and her head moved so restlessly on her pillow, that Geraldine awoke her, and while folding her to her bosom, murmured forth blessings and caressing words, such as have their source only in a mother's heart.

"I think I have dreamed such dreams before, mamma. I think I have, but I am not sure; now that I see you and the sun, I am again quite happy; but it was so damp and cold."

"What, my child?"

"The water, mother! but now it is all gone!" And then the Nurse came in, bearing a full basket of gifts; presently, the shadow of Randy was outside her window; and in the happy elasticity of childhood forgetting all troubles, she bounded forth upon the lawn in the fresh air and bright sun of morning, as a young roe from a thicket on the wild-wood sward. "Hark, mamma! how sweetly the birds sing! and listen! there is the wood-quest. I do so love the coo of that dear bird: and here is Randy. Am I to wear that nosegay of curious herbs, all day, Randy. Oh! I will; you gave me the same last year. I am quite, quite happy now—quite happy, and thankful, and will be so good. Look, look, how brightly plays the waterfall! Look! I never saw the spray so high above the trees. She leaned against the trunk of a sturdy oak; her gaze was again turned towards the waterfall, and again she expressed a wish to watch the play of its gems in the sunlight, exclaiming

with more than usual eagerness, "Oh, mamma! how I do long to bathe in it: to feel it fall among my hair, and grasp its jewels in my hands."

"Not fresh and fasting—go not near water at all, this day," replied the Woodcutter; "Oh! darling, be led and said by me, the whole of this blessed day. Listen, avourneen:—A pair of thrushes, dear, built their nest in a beautiful bower, and an ould wood-quest had a grate love for them, and used to sit and watch, and think how happy they were, and pray that they might be always so: but the male bird said to his mate, "it's a poor country, dear, and I must go into another, and gather food against the young ones come out in the nest we have made, and cry for food; and we have none to give them.' And the poor mate said, 'don't go, avourneen deelish, for when the time comes we shall not want food; there has been a hard winter, and the sunbeam always comes out when the cloud is gone; so you see, there will be plenty of red-worms in spring, and ripe berries in summer; and He who sends both will take good care that we want neither; go not from me, for life as it is, is all too short to enjoy your song;' but he would go; and the fowler spied the brave free bird as he winged his way, his heart full of the memory of his own nest: and his eyes full of the image of the patient loving mate, who would have stayed his going; and the cruel fowler aimed at his true heart, and his aim was steady, and the bird returned no more."

"Hush," whispered Eva; "hush, Randy! look at mamma?" and then in a loud voice she added, "I do not want to hear any more about the old thrush birds, Master Woodcutter; but I do want to hear about the young thrush-bird and the old Quest; that's yourself and me, Master Randy. Ah! I've found you out, and I'll finish your fable:—" the young thrush-bird was a wild, wilful, naughty, little bird, that would fly hither and thither, no matter how the old wood-quest croaked."

"Wood-quests don't croak, Miss Eva."

"Well, cooed!" she said laughing; "though the coo of an old wood-quest is almost a croak; is it not?"

"It's anything you like, avourneen deelish! and you may laugh as much as you like, if you mind me."

"Well, I will, indeed I will; but, Randy, whisper," and she drew down his rugged head; "make fables about anything but mamma and poor papa; it kills me to see mamma's tears. What were you thinking of, you stupid Randy?"

"Of you, darling—the powers forgive me! of nothing else do I ever think; but I'll mind, dear, and not fret the mistress again."

Eva held up her finger as she turned away, saying, with a playful pout: "every other little girl has her own way on her birth-day; while I dare not move but in your shadow, Randy. May I gather you some flowers, mamma, and some to give to those who so remembered me. I will sit by your side and bind them up, and after that we will go to the cottages, and then—but I will first gather the flowers." While her mother watched her graceful movements, Randy stood by the mother's side.

"I learned a dale," he said, "last night; some I may tell, some, indeed, I don't quite understand myself; those *you know* watch and wait upon her, and pour right thoughts into her mind, and love her, and think her as worthy love, as she will be of honour; their power will be with her, for good till she is herself a mother; but danger is over her still, and she must beware water; she must beware water," he continued, trembling from head to foot, so intense was his earnestness; "by night and by day—at Midsummer, more particularly—the whole of this blessed day and night, until to-morrow's sunrise, lady, she must beware water."

"Well, so she shall, Randy; I promise you she shall," replied Geraldine, "she can meet no harm there, among our own flowers; and see," she added, smiling, "she is moving her favourite plants within your fairy ring."

"They danced on it all last night," said the Woodcutter, "it was a great sight; a sight you could never forget, lady; a lovely night too, and the small stars dreaming their way through the heavens; and they all dressed so beautiful; but I'm sure things are not going on in all parts as they like; for many of them had bows and arrows, and long spears, and that's a sign of warfare; but you'll watch her lady, you'll let me watch her all day, and don't let her go near water. They throw that spray ten times higher than ever, just to dazzle her," he said, pointing to the boiling waters of the Torc; "they swarm about it like bees. I wish the waters were chained in the bowels of the earth. I had a father and four brothers drowned at sea!"

Mrs. Raymond never contradicted the Woodcutter; she promised that Eva should only move in his shadow, and invited him to enter the cottage with them; but Randy said she was safe beneath the shelter of her own roof, and while she was with her mother he would rather watch the waterfall. He rambled over the lawn and among the flowers, gazing every moment upon the bounding river, that, through a passage of jagged rocks, finds a peaceful path in the valley. At last, wearied by watching and the excitement of his own thoughts, he sat down beneath the shade of an evergreen oak, where not a movement of the half-sportive, half-angry waters could escape his observation. He began to think of himself, and how much more knowledge he had than other people; his confidence in his own powers increased, and a boastful spirit warred with his better nature; he said: "I am of myself strong; I am brave; I care not who helps me; I can save her! Ay! dance away imps of the dark waters. I, Randy the Woodcutter, defy ye all!" Eva's silvery laugh fell upon his ear, and he would, if he could, have recalled the presumptuous words, "I care not who helps me;" but his gaze was fascinated by the spray; and he lolled lazily upon the sward, questioning almost if he was quite himself; he might be O'Donoghue of the Lakes—so uplifted did he feel—and why? In a little time longer he ceased to ask why; once he caught the stony eyes of a large yellow frog fixed upon him with a sort of cunning inquiry; but what cared he for either the Kelpie Queen, or her steed! How the foam and spatter of the waters dazzled and made him wink!

and then he felt hot and thirsty, and at the moment, a grotesque and distorted dwarf, carrying in both hands a huge china bowl, stood by his side, and on tip-toe offered him to drink: at first Randy motioned him away; but there arose from the bowl a very fragrant steam; and the dwarf asked if he feared to drink to his young lady's health, of the mountain dew, sweetened with the richest honey of the wild bee—"mountain dew"—name which libels the purest and holiest draught that Nature sends to Earth from Heaven! And as THE WOODCUTTER'S good spirit had been half vanquished by the spirit of evil that taught him to overvalue his own strength, and the enemy had power over him—HE DRANK—and slept.

The day was passing rapidly, and though Geraldine missed the Woodcutter, she never doubted that he was active in his self-imposed duty. She had many cares to think of, and when Eva, after bestowing the flowers she had gathered in the morning, asked permission to go into the garden, she gave it, adding, "remember, Eva, you are not to go near water. Nay, my child, I am quite serious; if there were no other cause, you must not give pain to our old friend Randy. You must promise."

"I do mamma, I do; I shall find the Woodcutter in the garden, and keep with him; he said he would to-day tell me the tale of the weather-cock." And away she went, full of life, singing along the alleys, and bounding over the lawn, calling loudly on him who heard not; and whom, at last, she found sleeping soundly. The child turned away, not to disturb him, and as she did so,

SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE TORC WATERFALL. Never, she thought, till that moment had aught so beautiful appeared before her; she clapt her hands and sprang onward with joy. Resting on the very crest of the waterfall, was a perfect and entire rainbow; myriads of tinted stars dropped from its arch, without injuring its brilliancy or form—mingling with, and yet apart from, the snow-white foam. If all the jewels of the East had been flung into the mist, they could not have produced a more dazzling effect, than did those which Nature lavished upon the sportive waters. The fascinated and bewildered child, though she had stolen away on tiptoe from where Randy slept, now called impatiently to him to accompany her; once, twice, thrice—each time she was farther from him; but he, the true and faithful hearted, when not under the influence of the evil spirit-spell, heard her not. Her promise to her mother was forgotten. Oh! wayward, unthinking, child! the sin of the Garden of Eden was with you! while the sun shone, soft music sought to win you to the banks of wildest thyme; huge humble bees invited you to their cells, and offered you the rich banquet of their honey; voices whispered from out the virgin lilies, and rustled the leaves of the bright rose; if the Kelpie Queen had spread snares and painted shows to lure you to her waters, the votaries of the spirits of earth and air, were watching, like true subjects, in the absence of their Queens, to frustrate her evil courses.

But in her green and slimy palace the Kelpie worked, and sent forth her people to do her bidding. She could weave spells, in her dark cell beneath the waters, the length of a Midsummer day. Nightstar trusted to a mortal; the Kelpie discovered that mortal's weakness. Alas! the child heard the warnings but heeded them not; their *unaided* power was too weak—Nightstar was above, waiting to descend on the gray vapour which succeeds the last beam of the setting sun. On went the child, and as she passed, she heard behind her sighs and sobs of sorrow; but her eyes were dazzled, her better self was overpowered. On she went; the precincts of her own garden were passed; and the mocking fiend that had tempted him, now roused the Woodcutter with snarling laughter. He awoke, and his permitted eyes saw at once the danger.

"Rouse up, proud Randy, and save her now!"

The bewildered man, who had quaffed the poison, arose; he staggered from side to side; he had deprived himself of power over the members of his own body. He would have called, but his swollen tongue refused obedience to his will; conscious of his own impotence—he saw the peril, he could not avert.

SHE STOOD BELOW THE SECOND FALL, her arms extended towards the magic rainbow; the water was welling up to kiss her feet; beneath it the face and form of the Kelpie Queen, veiled by her flowing hair, was dimly visible. If he had been himself, a few bounds of Randy's active limbs could have placed him by her side; but self-betrayed—self-abandoned—he gazed without a move. The waters were rising around her—another minute and she would be lost to earth and sky, for ever. He knew—he understood—but he could neither cry out nor press forward! and still the fiend crackled in his ears "great Randy, save her." His blood whirled madly through his veins, and then came a shriek—a woman's shriek of warning and of agony. The child looked back—it was her mother! She sprang from the fatal bank into her arms.

"Why did you scream, mamma," said Eva. "The waters were so calm, and you frightened away the rainbow."

"There was no rainbow," answered her mother. "The Fall has been more than usually dark to-day; but you broke your word, Eva; you have made me unhappy."

The child had forgotten her pledge until that moment, and shame and sorrow came to her young bosom. She would have knelt for forgiveness, but it was sweeter to hang about her mother's neck, hear the pardon uttered before it was asked, and have her tears kissed away.

The day seemed to have fleeted strangely and rapidly; the long, long twilight of Midsummer was approaching—when the evening and morning meet together upon the hills, and rejoice that no cold and shivering night divides them from each other. Though unconscious of the danger she had escaped—shame at her broken promise, and sorrow at her mother's displeasure, kept Eva silent and sad. But she soon regained her elasticity, and pointed with earnest delight to a tall tree whereon a wood-pigeon sat cooing to her young on the topmost bough: the bird bent downward its loving eyes, and the child gazed upward with a gesture of delight. Her little heart bounded with affection towards the bird; but, as she looked, suddenly a hawk darted upon it. The next moment Eva was pressing the dove to her bosom, to which it had flown for shelter, while the fierce bird, disappointed of its prey, wheeled above her head, evidently pondering whether he might not strike the child and come off victor. Although her cheeks were flushed, her little foot stood firmly forward, her arm was stretched in an attitude of defiance towards the pirate of the air; her lips were open, and her head was thrown back, while her mother stood astounded at the boldness of the hawk, and the courage of a timid and tender girl, who would tremble at the falling of a leaf, and shrink from a shadow—now strengthened by LOVE to brave the anger of the feathered assassin, whose scream sounded like a curse from his purple beak, while his distended talons were drawn closely upon his mottled breast; and yet she quailed not; her little hand continued uplifted to save the thing that trusted her; and then came a flash—a report—the murderer in his turn reeled, and a cloud of feathers floated to the sward;

the hawk wheeled in a broken circle once round, then, with wavering motion, disappeared among the trees.

"I'm enough myself to do *that*, anyhow," quoth the Woodcutter; "praise be to the author of the strength, as well as the will, for such a service," and then he crouched forward like an animal that deserved and expected chastisement; while Eva exclaimed—"It is saved!, it is saved!—but I will not let it go yet. Look how still it is.. It shall soon return to its young; it will coo in its own woods; but it will still be *my own* darling wood-quest, *that I saved*." Oh what a happy birthday, to have found something that trusted me!—something new to love!" The child stood at her mother's knee; she held the wood-quest to her heart, and, though smiles were playing on her face, her eyes were brimming over with tears. "I am not crying, dear mamma; I hear its young calling it! I hope I am not selfish, but I do not want it to fly away *too* soon."

"My own sweet Eva," replied her mother, with a troubled countenance; "that bird will never fly away."

"Oh, yes it will," answered the child, in full confidence of the power of affection; "it would not leave its young—it would not of its ownself remain with me for ever."

"Nothing," answered her mother; "nothing, however much we love it, Eva, remains with us for ever. My dear—*dear* child, the poor bird is dead!"

"Oh, no! she replied in a tone of anguish. "Oh, no! it cannot be; I felt its heart beat against mine when it came first; and then it laid its head just there. It cannot be; I do not think the hawk touched it; death cannot come so soon. If you will take it from me, mamma, take care it does not fly away too quickly."

"I will take it as tenderly as you can, dearest. See how its head

hangs; and though its young call it in such plaintive tones it heeds them not; its tender eyes are already dim; your own bosom, Eva, is stained by its blood. My poor child, this sudden and violent death is new to you; the cruel hawk struck too surely—although it escaped to die at peace upon your innocent heart."

Eva enveloped herself in the folds of her mother's dress, and her sobs were loud and bitter.

"May all springs and sweet waters dry around them!" exclaimed Randy; "and neither thorn, nor rush, nor the sting of the poisonous nettle move in their defence, but leave them unarmed to the sharp bill of the merciless heron and the vengeance of the king-fisher. May the broad-backed frog refuse to do their bidding, and the great Lake King forbid them his hunting grounds! I know their dark den by the old Weir Bridge: I know

it well; for the water under its one arch is as black as their own hearts, and rushes along like the fury of their own wicked wishes. May the sunlight never come there; may no moonlight shine on the path or brighten the way of those that put this sorrow on her, this blessed day." The Woodcutter paused for breath. "Fool that I was—fool—fool; and now to strike her through her feelings. Oh! won't there be murder when the moon rises? and how will I ever face Nightstar? Oh, fool! The viper—the toad—the black-water sarpint! She worked me cruel usage, and my heart will tremble with the torture it went through to the day of my death. If that had been a right bird, it would have been lying upon the grass. Augh! I know her better than ever now; in league with hawks and eagles is she! and wanting such as that blessed angel to sit in the slime, and twine her hair with the shells of the stripey snail and the rattling pearls of fishes eyes;—her face, the glass to train *her* beauty too!—to be the lamp and the music of her dripping palace." And so the Woodcutter vented his anger both on himself and the Kelpie, in words not loud but deep; yet neither mother nor child heard him; the child continued weeping bitterly, and her mother would have carried the bird away, but Eva entreated her to leave it a little longer.

"Let me keep it a little longer, mamma—just half-an-hour; I will give it up in half-an-hour. Do, mamma—dear mamma! I will not idle nor play with it; I will only keep it until I understand what death is."

"My child feels it a bitter knowledge; I felt its bitterness long since," sighed her mother.

"I know—I know," she said quickly; "that was when papa died; but do let me keep it. It was so alive when it flew to me such a little time ago, and seemed so happy. I loved it in a moment, and could have died to save it!"—and then her tears flowed afresh. "You tell me to pray when I want good gifts from Heaven—is to understand death a good gift? May I pray for it, mamma?"

"It is indeed right to pray for understanding," she replied. "You now see that the life which moved its wings, and gave it power to go hither and thither, taught it to rear its young, and caused its pretty cooing to sound in the woods—is gone!"

"Where?" inquired the child. "And did it go out of this deep red wound?"

"It is not given me to know *where* it is gone, but it *is* gone: and wise as we think ourselves, we have no power to call it back. But you must remember, that if it will have no more pleasure here, it will have no more pain."

The child shook her head, and, taking the bird in her hand, passed into her chamber, laid it down on her little bed, and then knelt by its side. She uttered no sound, though her lips moved, and ever and anon, tears fell silently on her clasped hands, and she would fondle the bird, and resume her thoughts and prayer. Who can tell what feelings were shadowed forth at that solemn moment to that deep-hearted child! More than once she pushed back the hair that clustered over her brow, and pressed her hands upon its rounded surface; her eyes, so blue, so expressive, radiated with new emotions—beaming with elevated sensations; her mind expanded, and palpitated with increased knowledge; she seemed entering on a new existence; she prayed earnestly, not taught words, but framing her simple petition in her own language. How earnestly she desired goodness and patience; that sudden death might be kept away from all she loved; that she might become wise, and that many might love her, and that she might love all the world and comfort the poor; she felt both resigned and elevated by this humble sacrifice; more than once her mother entered, unperceived, and, unwilling to disturb her, silently withdrew.

A bright light, as of the glory of the setting sun, entered; and knowing that the sun had set long before, and the grey clouds were descending over earth, the child was astonished; and at the same moment she started, for she thought she heard the rustling of wings, and flushed with the hope that the bird had revived, she touched it, but it had grown so stiff and cold, that her fingers were involuntarily drawn back; and she forgot she had learned nothing of the mighty mystery concerning which she would have inquired; but an increase of hope, and faith, and love, seemed infused into her nature. She had become tranquil, and returned to her mother with a quiet smile; then placing the bird in her hands, she said, "let us bury it: it will not be naughty to love it in its grave." And as they carried the dead bird to the foot of a hawthorn bush, where the grass was greenest, and the earliest beams of the sun shed their light and warmth, they heard the bereaved birds lamenting their loss, and they saw the woodpigeon's mate comforting and feeding them—calling on her he should never see again, with a loud and peculiarly sorrowful cry.

Randy dug the grave and covered it over, and walked silently back to the cottage; there, casting himself along the green bench, he waited the summons he knew he should receive from Nightstar.

Bonfires blazed from every hill, and the happy children of the village raised a tremendous one, in honour both of Midsummer and the birth-night of Eva Raymond. They looked well, through the trees, and recalled to those who mingle the past with the present, the Baal fires of old. The Woodcutter never moved from his post; it would be impossible to record his thankfulness for the child's preservation, or his contempt for his own unworthiness. He resolved humbly to submit to any punishment his royal mistess might inflict. He saw the distant fires die away, one by one upon the hills—the voices of the children ceased altogether—then from the cottage he heard the night hymns of praise and prayer arise—the dog took his last round in the gardens, and licked the Woodcutter's hand as he passed—

and the lights that threw such shadows on the lawn were extinguished—a discontented grasshopper once or twice moved its restless wings beneath a broad dock-leaf, and the corn-crake in the distance seemed at last to have the world to herself—so silent had everything become.

Suddenly there appeared glimmering lights among the trees, and the soft low notes of the fairy bagpipe struck upon Randy's ear. "I had nothing to be ashamed of this time last year," he said; "but surely my repentance, and the bullet I shot, will plead in my favour:—and there is no harm done," and the bullet I shot, will plead in my favour:—and there is no harm done," whispered self-justification; but Randy courageously put aside so dangerous an ally, and resolved to say nothing for himself. But the Woodcutter could not see them distinctly, as he had done in former times: there seemed a mist—a veil—between them and him: he heard the music and the booming hum of Queen Honeybell's great bee; while the lights of Nightstar's fairy host glittered brightly, and the twanging of her minstrels harps sounded clearly enough; but he could hardly trace the outline of the fairy Queens, as they took their seats upon the "hillock," in the very midst of the ring. Instead of dancing as usual, the Queens continued in grave consultation, attended by their ministers of state. Randy could see them

come and go—pass and repass; and suddenly there arose a great tumult, and the music (to which they had paid no attention) ceased; and Randy himself was called forth, and confronted with the distorted sprite that had tempted him to neglect of duty. Nightstar addressed the huge and trembling mortal in a voice of tender displeasure, that wounded him more severely than if she had reproved him in an angry tone. She told him that all was known to her; but now, she only asked if that *thing* which some of her people had secured, while he was seeking to escape from her dominions, was the spirit that had tampered with her sentinel. Randy identified him at once; and, without farther question, she decreed that he should be given over, within five minutes, to the bees of Honeybell's court—whose honey he had so often plundered—to work their pleasure with him until sunrise. It would seem that this was considered a hard sentence, though it afforded infinite delight to the great bee, who advanced at once to take the imp into custody. He was a bee of most savage aspect, and the cowardly cup-bearer shrunk before the sword-like sting, and rough, hairy arms he extended towards THE SLIMY PAGE of the Kelpie Queen. Randy felt that his turn must come next, for both Queens regarded him silently for some moments; but, as they did, his eyes became clearer, and he saw more distinctly—and they whispered together. That was a good sign. The Woodcutter knew his thoughts were penitent, and his sorrow sincere; but Honeybell looked sulky, and Nightstar sad—and tears gathered in the poor fellow's eyes. But as he stood, there arose a tumult among the outposts of the ring, which suddenly gave way, and the Kelpie Queen, her dark hair streaming like a death-pennon behind her, her eyes glittering like rubies, cantered her frog into the assembly; and then, springing on the grass, demanded her place by the side of her royal sisters. The Queens arose, and descending, hand in hand, into the arena, declared they would rather resign their throne than share it with her, and dared her to mount it alone. Dark faces showed more dark amid the troops of light, and there was a breathless silence, broken only once by a shriek from the Kelpie page.

"Who dares to punish my subject?" demanded the fierce and malignant Queen.

"I dare," answered Nightstar, with dignity; "How dared *you* send him to tamper with my people?"

"He gave the oaf to drink when he was athirst; and, like all mortals, he knew not when to stop."

"This double dealing is unworthy of royalty—even royalty such as yours!" replied Nightstar. "You gave him (for yonder imp is your familiar) of the poisoned drink, heated at your own furnace. You gave it him that you might lure my charge into your power to be your slave; and not content with that, what you could not vanquish, you persecuted, and mingled so many tears with her young cup of life, that the hardness of premature wisdom has chilled her interest in existence. Shame upon you, there is nothing lovely that you would not either enslave or destroy!"

"The child is mine," said the Kelpie, daringly. "The child is mine: your jugglery cheated me of my right. Did not you refuse her?" she continued, addressing Honeybell.

"I gave her to Nightstar," replied the heavy-lidded Queen.

"Hear this, lords and ladies of all courts," exclaimed the subtle Kelpie. "*She* having no right but to choose, does not choose, but gives what of right was mine—the infant rejected by Nightstar and by herself."

"She was *not* rejected by me," interrupted Nightstar.

"Then why is she not here. I see changelings in both your courts, but not the prize—the orphan Raymond," rejoined the Kelpie.

"Because I choose her to remain with her earthly mother. She being mine I leave her where I will. I appeal to no lords and ladies; such is my will; and I maintain it, as befits my state," quoth Nightstar, "I say this to you, dark reveller of the lake."

The Kelpie started, awed by the brightness and boldness that animated the fragile form of the Air Queen, and the dark faces of her troop, drew back. "Give me my page," she said.

"Go, ask him of the Bees," replied the haughty Nightstar. "You have made our revels dark by your gramery and your presence. We would be rid of both: at the crow of cock you can send for your base satellite."

"The poor craythur only did his duty in obeying his Queen," thought Randy.

Nightstar applauded with a smile. "Nay, release him," she continued, "the victim of his treachery suggests to us, that he only did his duty in obeying his Queen."

At that moment the cock crew, and the Woodcutter, rubbing his eyes, looked into the soft haze of A MIDSUMMER MORNING.

FORMS OF THE ANTIQUE,

AS APPLICABLE TO BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

BEFORE taking leave of the subject of early pottery in Britain, it may be worth while to devote a little more attention to the many specimens still existing in the cabinets of collectors, and which are worthy our notice, either for form, pattern, or simplicity. Some of these early vases present what might be now termed "novelty of shape," if introduced at present. Here is an example of graceful outline, in which the flowing curves are very good, and the ornament so exceedingly simple, that the production of such an article would be attended with very limited expense; and the manufacturer of pottery, who is better acquainted than the author with the great variety of articles in demand, will easily see the applicability of such a form to articles for the modern market.

These vases are generally manufactured in a close dark clay, and the bluish-black, or slate colour, was given to them by suffocating the fire of the kiln at the time when its contents had acquired a degree of heat sufficient to ensure uniformity of colour. Experiments made on the clay, and also on the pottery formed from it, by Mr. Artis, prove that the colour could not be attributed to any metallic oxide, either existing in the clay, or applied externally, for this colour is so volatile, that it is expelled by a second firing in an open kiln. This mode of colouring the surface failed occasionally, and the debris so often found in the vicinity of Anglo-Roman potteries, is that of spoilt pottery, which received its colour imperfectly.

The vase here given presents some extra claim to attention; its form is good, and yet peculiar. We have nothing like it in modern use; and it would be by no means an ungraceful adjunct to the tea-table, if used as a sugar-basin. It is susceptible of any variety of painted ornament; a band of leaves might run round the upper part, and the centre be occupied with a subject of any sort, or filled with ornament of a kind suited to the taste of the manufacturer. The simple lines which now decorate it were merely scratched or indented when the clay was wet, by the maker; and something similar might be retained if it was cheaply constructed for ordinary purposes.

This facile mode of ornamentation was frequent in early times; and a specimen is here given, not as any example of good form, but simply in exemplification of the fact. Such a vessel, after being thrown upon the wheel, was allowed to become somewhat firm, but only sufficiently so, for the purpose of the lathe. In the indented ware, that process would have to be performed with the vessel in as pliable a state as it could be taken from the lathe. The sides were pressed in ovals, and the series of overlapping scale ornaments in the narrow-rimmed bands between them, were produced by forcing the clay with blunt wooden instruments into ridges.

As an example of peculiar form, another of these basin-shaped vessels is here given. Like the others, it is constructed from the humblest materials. The outline is broken, and cannot be considered as perfection. But its effect in the original is agreeable rather than otherwise, which may be accounted for by the curve flows in all ways about it. The curve of the lowest portion is the segment of a circle, but this could not be distinctly shown in our cut; enough is, however, given to display its peculiarity, and in this, as in all other instances, these various specimens are to be offered only as *suggestions*, that may lead to results in a reflective mind, bearing in mind the words of the Poet of Memory—

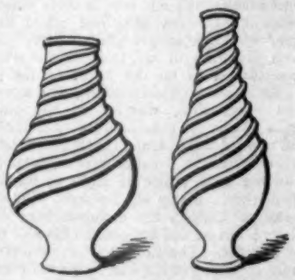
"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden strain:
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!"

And thus the contemplation of an old form may generate a new one in a fertile mind, from the natural principle of antagonism. It is not the design of these papers to inculcate slavish copies

of the Antique, but to show, as far as possible, that what was good resulted from a study of nature and pure taste; that such works only live, while others are forgotten, if not despised. Here is another example of good form, which may be traced to the earliest period in Ancient Egypt; yet from the day of its invention, to the present, it has been welcome to the eye, uninfluenced by the changes of fashion, or the caprices of folly; who can say as much for the elaborate inventions, which, unbased in good taste, have been created by the thousand, and abhorred ere the inventors ceased to exist? Yet the ancients may "be caught tripping" at times, and the same bad taste that makes a jug in the form of an overgrown tippler, may be seen among the Hamilton vases in the British Museum, where some of these articles are formed of human heads, with uncouth handles and spouts, but it must be owned, these monstrosities were never so rife as among ourselves; and the errors generally went in a better direction, as an exaggeration of what was good, rather than a total opposition to elegance, in a wild desire for novelty. Here is an

instance in a fictile Etruscan vase, the handles of which flow elegantly, but are out of all proportion with the vessel itself, which is quite lost sight of in their obtrusiveness; again, the projections towards the bottom of the handles are bad, but may have been occasioned by the workman's consciousness of their defect in size, and a wish to break the length of line. This support for these handles in a line with the rim of the cup is not good; and thus an elegant vessel, for such in itself it is, has been spoiled by one part being so disproportioned to the rest.

Gracefulness of curve was always studied in ancient pottery, and even when obtained, it was not unusual to run a raised spiral line entirely around the vase. Two examples are here given,



which were exhumed in London, and are of Roman or Roman-British workmanship; they are constructed of coarse red clay, and altogether rudely fashioned, yet they show the mind of the fashioner was alive to the necessity of leading the eye agreeably over them. In a similar manner our continental neighbours have been using the bindweed, and other trailing plants, to cover and wind around the chimney-glasses for flowers. They are productive of the happiest effects, and it is only when we see a scarlet convolvulus, with scarlet leaves, and burnished gilt stem, that we feel disgusted with the love for gaudy tints, which destroys the truth of nature. When flowers or plants appear, they should be colourless as *relievi*, or in natural tints, unless they are imaginary forms which do not in reality exist, and of which many examples occur, both in ancient and modern design. The scroll here engraved, copied from one of Mr. Artis's plates, and which he has satisfactorily shown to be of British manufacture during the Roman dominion, is evidently based on the study of a creeping plant; the leaf, the berry, and the tendrils, may still be

detected, although much hidden by the mannerism of peculiar taste. Our second example, borrowed

from the same source, exhibits the seed vessel of a plant, and is remarkable in the original for the boldness of its relief; which, with its great simplicity, adapts it favourably to many ornamental purposes. Either of these scrolls deserve revival, and might be effectively introduced in many ways.

The introduction of the bright glazed pottery, known as Samian ware, into this country during the Roman period, must have added a grace to the table not before known; it is also worthy of remark, that common pottery of so beautiful a kind has never been fabricated since. The clay is a firm compact substance of the greatest cleanness and purity; the brilliant red glaze, superior to any modern work of the kind, giving the various articles the appearance of coral. It always seems to have been valued then as we value china now, and was riveted when broken; for pottery so joined has been discovered in excavations. Cups, patera, and bowls, were constructed of this material perfectly plain, but were also ornamented with a profusion of devices, comprehending birds, beasts, flowers, mythological and real incidents, or fancied forms in endless diversity. Of the Vitrurian scroll alone, the museum of C. R. Smith, F.S.A., exhibits more than one hundred varieties on pieces of Samian ware, discovered in London alone. Two specimens of the most ordinary form of cup manufactured in this material are here given; they may

both be suggestive of variety in the modern tea-cup, the second in particular, which is agreeable to the eye in the original, as the double curve is varied in its proportion, and looks infinitely better than a rude cut can ever do.

The small cup, also of the same ware, which we here copy, might be also available in modern life; it is very graceful, and its outward curve adapts it well to liquid; it wants but a handle of the simplest kind to make it into an elegant tea

cup. An appropriate saucer might easily be obtained from the many examples of patera existing, and which are generally most beautifully and chastely decorated.

Coffee-cups might be very appropriately designed of the pattern and colour (a rich brown red) of Etruscan pottery, and even Ancient Egypt aid us with an idea from paintings cotemporary with Moses, so singularly like modern cups in form, as

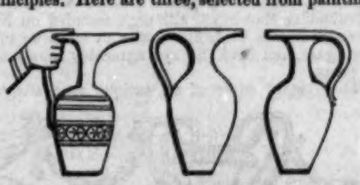
the reader may here see, as to be quite startling; but the claims of this early nation to the highest standard of civilised life, have been established by the researches of modern travellers, and the comments of the learned. To them we owe the flowing outline and ovolo moulding, so much admired in Greece and Rome, and which is seen to advantage in the specimen here given, from the magnificent work of Professor Rossellini, on the Arts of that ancient and wonderful people.

Some of the most pleasing articles of this kind are the vases for unguents, used by the Greeks and Romans, of which two examples are here given—the larger from a fine statue of Venus, in

the Louvre, at Paris, which reaches from the ground to the knee of the figure. Its elegance befits the Goddess of Beauty, and would recommend it to the toilet of our modern belles, if seen in the form of a scent-bottle. The smaller one placed beside it is held by the figure of an Athlete, in the Gallery at Florence, who is preparing himself for his performances by rendering his limbs supple with its contents. The elegance of the little vase will be at once appreciated, the more particularly when it is contrasted with a modern imi-

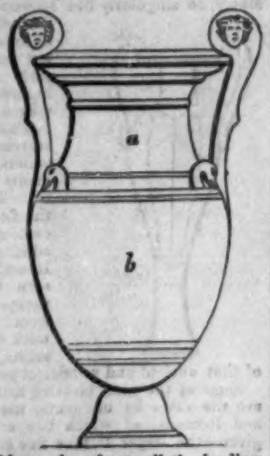
tation, professedly a copy of the antique, but which bears to it as much resemblance as "Hyperion to a Satyr." It is both curious and instructive thus to see all the pure ornament and simplicity of the original rendered odious, by an inattention to the graceful flow of outline and due proportion of each part, never missed in the best antiques. The sudden curve of the neck gives a compressed look to the vase, and the tiny foot, meant to be delicate, only seems painfully weak and insecure.

The earlier manufacturers of Egypt—the fathers of art—constructed their jugs upon the most simple principles. Here are three, selected from paintings



at Thebes, executed centuries before the Christian era, which are admirably adapted for their purpose. The neck of the first is too large, but as it was used for religious libations, its proportion was sacrificed to its utility, and the spout is excellently

adapted for pouring. The two others are examples of the permanent endurance of good and useful forms; they are precisely similar to modern jugs; and are only curious inasmuch as they prove the antiquity of this form.



It is in the larger fictile vases of Greece and Rome that we must look for the perfection of art.—Some of these very splendid productions are nearly two feet in height; and while their outline is solid and graceful, they are covered with paintings of the most beautiful kind. Our cut gives the general form of these noble works of art, all the leading lines being in themselves a study.—The body of the vase at *b* was generally filled with figure paintings, illustrative of the history, mythology, or customs of the people;—vivid and truthful pictures which are the most valuable comments on the history of their manners, their country, and their poetry. The upper part of the vase, and its foot, received a more fanciful ornamentation—fruit, flowers, or borders, in which modifications of natural weeping plants, or intricate and original formations, were exhibited. At *a*, a combination of flowing ornament was introduced, of which a specimen on a larger scale is here given. The centre is occupied by a female

head rising from the calyx of a flower, calling to mind the beautiful bust in the Townley Gallery of the British Museum, and which was so great a favourite with the tasteful collector of these treasures, that, when his house was threatened with destruction in the Gordon Riots, he walked down his gallery to look at his marbles, as he feared, for the last time, and snatching this bust in his arms, as his greatest treasure, carried that away in his carriage. The varied and elaborate forms surrounding this head, although founded on Nature, are so free in design that they combine with any figure, and lead the eye agreeably from point to point.

The elegant curve of an antique vase adapted itself to every other curve, and it was no unusual thing to find it introduced in ornamental friezes, as in the example here given from one in the Baths at Pompeii. The frieze is here composed of lyres, dolphins, chimera, and vases, joined by bands, of gems or scroll ornaments in relief upon a red ground. It shows the excessive pliability of adaptation consequent to its native elegance of the vases in use in Greece and Rome; and this may be further illustrated in a fresco border from the same

place, in which the outline of the vases flows into the foliated scrolls in the easiest manner, and with the most agreeable effect. But few modern ones could be thus introduced. There is a want of ease and simplicity in modern scrolls very frequently as well as in modern vases.

Of this combination of the natural and the artificial, we cannot give a better illustration than is offered (below) from a fresco at Pompeii. The Egyptian asp, the ichneumon, and the butterfly, are all introduced—the real leaves of the water lily, with the fanciful Greek scroll and honeysuckle. It serves forcibly to show how thoroughly alive these people were to Nature in all its forms; catching at everything, however incongruous at first sight, and combining them with each other, adapting everything to use, and basing all on Nature.

From time to time, we shall be called upon to deal with many objects, embracing a large variety of ancient designs, as applicable to Industrial Art. Thus far our examples have been somewhat limited; and we have postponed the illustrations we propose introducing from the productions of manufacturers of our own age—not confining them, however, to those of our own country; nor, indeed, by any means limiting ourselves to such as are unquestionably good; for to acquire knowledge properly, and for practical purposes, we must learn what to avoid, as well as what to study and imitate: nay, it is often the case, that instruction is derived with greater certainty from the consideration of defects, than from the contemplation of excellence.

We trust it is needless for us to repeat that our observations are offered, and our examples adduced, with a view to incite the British manufacturer to THINK. Slavish copies are not unfrequently base copies; but hints and suggestions derived from excellent works are always valuable, and are sure to promote excellence corresponding. This consideration will have due weight.

DANCING GIRL REPOSING.

CANOVA.

THIS well-known statue is one of the most admired of the works of Canova. The plate affords a most successful representation of the original marble, the transparent shadows of which are admirably rendered by the light manner of the drawing and engraving. This work, so extensively popular, is a just example of the antique spirit which Canova infused into modern sculpture—for to him is Italy indebted for this more grateful substitution for the faulty taste propagated by Bernini and those who followed him; so unprofitably difficult and laborious is it to pervert principles established upon true taste, that all who, like Bernini, thus reap any measure of success—theirs is the success, not of fame, but of notoriety; a kind of achievement open to the meanest capacity. Canova, in his imitation of the antique, has especially directed his attention to that which the Greeks neglected. His great purpose in all his works, was to give to his heads a living expression of thought and sentiment. This was assuredly the readiest means of securing the attention of the observer, between whom and his works, he establishes at once an intelligence.

Antonio Canova excelled all his contemporaries in the elaboration of his marble; no other sculptor of his time has so successfully disposed of the hardness, the coldness, and the *weight* of stone. From his hand, his works came forth with all the softness and pliancy of a plastic medium. His heads are endowed with appropriate expression, and the story is continued in character, action, drapery, pose and accessory. His flesh promises to yield to the touch; his draperies are light, flowing, graceful, and are held subordinate, insomuch as never to interfere with any other parts of the composition. As in purity of style he far surpassed all those who preceded him, he is equally superior to those who have succeeded him in that internal feeling, spirit and soul, which seem to animate his works. It is not mere knowledge of the figure—formal accuracy, that alone will ever mature into high art; a common observation of this figure will show that this acquisition weighed nothing with Canova's natural gifts. Had he possessed only this, he had not been superior to any of his industrious pupils—he impresses us not so much from his acquisitions as from his natural powers—these forms had never been so lifelike, had their best qualities been their faultless accuracy of form. He gave them grace, movement, and argument; and although a severer taste is succeeding that which cherished the tender graces of his style; we still would seek a relief from too prevalent asceticism; and who is there among the successors of Canova that can afford us this *solatium!* who can so gracefully win us from our Lutheran proverbs of art, back to that which we have considered to be the fount of the purest poetry; for although Thorwaldsen, with more style but less expression, was left in the place of Canova, a blank yet remained; abundant effort is lavished upon draperies, and that which is called in Italian—*morbidezza*, prevails over expression, and thus wanting soul, sculpture sinks to the scale of mere furniture. Many of the most beautiful of the works of Canova are deduced from ancient mythology; but he did not confine himself to this class of subject. The subject of the engraving—the Dancing Girl resting—is so purely classic in treatment, that she might rather be one of the attendants of Phryne, than comprehensible within any more modern conception. Canova executed also colossal and heroic statues of great men, among the most remarkable of which, were those of Washington and Napoleon, and in this he would seem to have admitted the principle, that a great mind is not incompatibly represented by a great statue; but here a question is involved: whether the Apostle Paul, for instance, who was a man of mean stature, should be so represented or dignified by a more commanding presence at the expence of historical truth. It is true that to represent St. Paul as of imposing stature might be powerfully effective with those who were ignorant of the truth; but again, those who knew not the stature of St. Paul, know the relative magnitude of a lion, and could not be imposed upon in a representation of that animal larger than an elephant, as figurative of power. Thus, it is in poetical sculpture that the strength of Canova lies.

DANCING GIRL REPOSING

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ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

GERMANY.—MUNICH.—*The Befreiungshalle (Hall of Deliverance), near Kehlheim.*—Though Louis I., King of Bavaria, is not the wealthiest of the kings of the earth (his architectural glories being the result, so far as the costs are concerned, of his private fortune and his admirable economy) he is decidedly the richest in his conceptions of the Fine Arts; he is looked upon, not only by amateurs, but by artists themselves, as one of those distinguished characters who thoroughly know, in the utmost sense of the expression, how to conceive a great idea; he is capable of executing, with unremitting energy, what he suggests to be a subject worthy of becoming a model specimen for times to come; and is deaf to the insinuations of those who, on the execution of every great work, raise their cry and reproaches against the illustrious protector of modern Art. Much has been said against the Walhalla by many who, when the grandeur and importance of the Fine Arts are to be upheld, talk of the *utility* of such works. The Walhalla is a noble creation of architecture, erected in the midst of a picturesque country and the beauties of Nature,—a temple for veneration, and a depository of the busts and statues of illustrious men, placed for the elevation and delight of those who have contributed to ornament it. Another structure of a similar character is at present being erected at no great distance (four German leagues) from the Walhalla, which will likewise be commended by all lovers of Art, and is justified by the idea which suggested itself to the enlightened mind of its princely designer. This idea is closely allied with that of the establishment of the Ludwigs Canal (Louis Canal), which commences at Kehlheim and terminates at Bamberg, thus connecting the Danube and the Rhine. The King, not satisfied with the advantages of the enterprise itself, determined to characterize it by some fine architectural monument. A splendid temple is to be built in commemoration of the bravery and patriotism of those who stood as a strong barrier against the ungovernable pride of the Corsican conqueror in defending their country, and who nobly fell in the sacred cause. On the rocky heights that form the most prominent portion of the banks of the Danube, in the right angle caused by the canal and the river, this grand work will be erected; it will make in the groundwork a polygon of 18 sides, 206 feet in diameter in the greatest extent of the outer portico, rising 60 feet high, including the flat roofing, up to the cupola. The complete height will be 175 feet; the central space of the interior will be 100 feet in diameter, enclosed by a circle of columns. These columns are each to be 27 feet in height; the shafts of a single stone of fine granite, four feet four inches in diameter, with bases and capitals of white marble. The entire edifice will be constructed of various coloured marbles, with the exception of the granite shafts of the columns. In front of each column will be placed a pair of colossal statues of the Goddesses of Victory, connecting each other between the columniation by the union of extended arms, holding in the other hands escutcheons, made from the metal of cannon captured in victorious engagements, richly gilt. On these shields will be inscribed the names of those battles in which the Germans were victorious; and the names of the respective commanders will be placed on marble slabs as decorations of the walls. The statues are to be designed by Schwanthaler, and will form a continuous circle of sculptured figures executed in white marble. The whole structure will not contain the minutest portion of wood, but only materials of the mineral kingdom.—Our glass-painting establishment appears to have arrived at its climax of perfection, chiefly in consequence of ample orders given by Princes and private persons. Amongst the recent orders is one from the King of Bavaria, for the execution of certain costly donations to the Cathedral of Cologne. One of these excellent specimens, a window of very large dimensions, is now finished, and will be publicly exhibited before it is sent to its place of destination. The subject of this fine piece of Art is 'The Adoration of the three Holy Kings,' after the designs of A. Fischer; the marginal ornaments are by the very able artist, Ainmüsller. The ancient art of glass-painting must now be considered not only as entirely restored, but even surpassed: for in design the modern master-pieces of this very interesting branch of the Fine Arts are decidedly superior to the ancient; and its technical details, at present in the possession of only a few artists, have been improved in the highest degree. The Munich establishment, aided by the most favourable circumstances, is particularly flourishing. It is not without a rival, and one very distinguished, in the same country; we mean a minor establishment of Messrs. Kellner, at Nuremberg. The works of these gentlemen are recommendable in the highest degree for the very same reasons as the works of the Munich artists. Their designs, principally after the originals of Albert Durer, are exquisite. Their ornaments are of genuine Gothic character, as may be expected from the pupils of Heideloff. And this superiority is the more praiseworthy, as their skill in the technical execution of the art has been the mere result of self-study. Among the most interesting publications of our metropolis must be noticed "Goetz von Berlichingen," by Goethe, with beautiful illustrations in wood-engravings by Eugene Neureuther; these splendid woodcuts are of a greater number than in any other similar German work, with very clever marginal ornaments. We must not forget, either, the second edition of Professor von Kobell's "Art of Galvanography," together with various specimens illustrative of the present state and character of this interesting and very important invention. It continues to be most successfully practised by the able artist, Herr Schoeninger. In many respects galvanography is superior to lithography — as by no other process of printing, not even from copperplates, can such large subjects be produced; for which reason this novel mode of multiplying interesting works of Art among the public cannot be too much recommended.—Messrs. Piloty and Loehle, the famous lithographers, are much occupied in adding to their splendid collection of lithographs (reviewed in the ART-UNION last year). Among their recent publications we may mention the 'Concilium Medicum,' after the original oil painting of Herr Geyer, the celebrated Augsburg artist.—Munich has received some compensation for the great loss of Cornelius and C. Schorn, by the King having nominated K. Schorn (the painter of the 'Anabaptists'), and Maurice von Schwind (at present residing at Frankfort-upon-the-Main) to the vacant professorships in the School of Art of the Royal Academy. The Stuttgardt artist Wenng continues to multiply and to improve his striking specimens of impressions without a printing-press. We are curious to see this novel mode of reproduction.

BERLIN.—Our medal-engraver, Schilling, has again executed two ingenious specimens of his art: one is a medal, two inches in diameter, in commemoration of the Protestant General Synod of Prussia, held at Berlin, 1846. The reverse bears a paragraph from the Holy Scripture, encircled with a Gobelin ornament; on the obverse is the figure of Faith, holding a chalice and the cross, in imitation of a similar representation by the Florentine artist, Andrea Pisano, on a bronze door of the Church of St. John, Florence. The other was struck to commemorate the progress of the restoration of the Church of Soest (the outlay paid from the King's private purse). These medals were cast in the celebrated establishment of G. Loos. The very able lithographer, Gustavus Teckert, has multiplied, by a splendid lithograph, H. Ritter's (of Dusseldorf) extremely beautiful *genre* painting, 'The Son of the Fisherman drowned': the original is a gem of German painting.

FRANKFORT-UPON-THE-MAIN.—We have been much disappointed in our expectation of finally seeing the celebrated Dusseldorf painter Lessing settled in our city as the Director of the famous Staedel Institution. This admirable artist has been induced to remain in his present sphere of activity.—Professor Zwerger has completed his model of a colossal bust of the late Professor Rotteck, one of the most liberal and enlightened historians and politicians of Germany, to be placed in front of the old University at Freiburg, in the Breisgau. It will be cast in the Royal Foundry at Munich. In the rooms of the Staedel Institution we lately admired Oppenheim's 'The Grandfather's Blessing in the Synagogue;' and Becker's 'The Reaper's Return. Schwind's 'Minstrels on the Wartburg' creates much sensation. Steinla is proceeding with his grand painting, 'The Judgment of Solomon,' for the Kaisersaal (Emperor's Room).

FRANCE.—PARIS.—The Exhibition for the benefit of the Artists' Society is now open. We recognise in it many old friends. The former Exhibition was regarded as an ovation in favour of Ingres, this is in favour of the Vernet family, of whom the grandfather, son, and grandson (Delaroche's brother-in-law) have many excellent paintings. We are preparing a detailed account which we shall give in our next number.——The decoration of churches is still in full force. Alaux has just finished 'The Apotheosis of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.' In the midst of the gilt cupola of a church, St. Elizabeth, dressed in the Franciscan robes, rises from her tomb escorted by angels; on the sides are two colossal archangels with flaming swords. The whole is treated with the well-known talent of this excellent artist, and adds certainly to his renown.——An artist painter and musician has just composed a quadrille called "Satan's Ball," and has dedicated it to a brother artist, M. Ravcrat. It is said to be diabolically beautiful.——The exhibition of models, bas-reliefs, statues, busts, inscriptions, &c., brought from Nineveh, Bagdad, &c., by M. Lottin de Laval, is now open, and presents a most interesting collection to the antiquarian and the artist.——The following is an extract from a Corsican journal:—"The statuette of Napoleon, by the Count d'Orsay, presented to the town of Ajaccio by Prince Demidoff, has been placed in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville; it completes the Musée Napoléon, given by the Cardinal Fesch, and is admired by all foreigners. This statuette is a perfect miniature sculpture; its inauguration has been a veritable fête for the town of Ajaccio; the Hotel de Ville is filled daily with visitors. It will be easy to understand the *empressement* of our townsmen, when we state this small figure is the first monument consecrated to the memory of the Emperor in his native town."——A *concours* will be opened this month for the painters on glass, for the purpose of restoring the windows of the Sainte Chapelle, now being repaired, and also of other cathedrals.——The School of Fine Arts have elected, for the present year, M. David d'Anjers, President; H. Vernet, Vice-President.

ITALY.—ROME.—The Germans have had an Exhibition of their own works exclusively, which was but a very indifferent affair; and their getting-up such an Exhibiiion, together with some other little matters, has not tended to make them more popular with either the French or English. Formerly the Society of Ponte Molle, of which they were the first and foremost, was open to all nations; and many are the Englishmen who have been dubbed knights of the *balocco* order. Now, this they have themselves discontinued, and in consequence many of the English refused to take any part in the last Civari feast, which, although it went off very well, would have been all the gayer for the flags and banners of the English, as in previous years.—The Michael Angelo discovery, of which you have heard, was made by a Mr. M'Pherson; and, if we did not live in a day of wonders, this could not have happened: for being in the late Cardinal Fesch's collection, it is only fair to suppose that he saw it, and did not detect any merit in it, since it was left, with hundreds more, that were never placed in the Gallery. Besides, before the sale, M. George was sent for from Paris to value each picture, and he puts this one down at two shillings, at which price it is afterwards refused by some dealers who bought nearly all the rubbish of the collection; but subsequently a dealer paid three shillings for it, and was so well pleased with his bargain that he did not sell it to Mr. M'Pherson for less than thirty shillings. I do not pretend to say one word about the merits of the picture, but, as a set-off to all these *judges* who keep it down to shillings, I may say that Cornelius thinks it worth any money; and he is not alone. Such wonderments should, however, be received with caution. Valati no sooner sold the Correggio, that he bought for three pounds, to Lord Ward for sixteen hundred, than, in nearly as mysterious a manner, he discovered an *undoubted* Titian.

M. NIEWENHUYS.—It has been stated in several of the newspapers that this eminent picture-dealer is dead: the death is, however, that of his brother. *The* M. Niewenhuys is at the present moment in England, where he has been giving commissions to several of our artists.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.*

THE ELECTROTYPE.

We have two objects in the introduction of this print into the ART-UNION Journal:—first, to supply to our subscribers a fine and agreeable example of Art; and next, so to test the process of ELECTROTYPE as to place its capabilities beyond dispute—a result which has not, hitherto, been arrived at, inasmuch as experiments have been tried on a limited scale, or have been encompassed by difficulties that prevented facts from being ascertained with sufficient accuracy.

The capabilities of the electrotype, in the unlimited reproduction of incised metal surfaces for the multiplication of prints, seem to have been but little tasked save by the Art-Union Society. On the announcement of the beautiful process, it was at once determinable how far its utilities were available in Art and in Commerce. With respect to results obtainable by this means, we have some facts to adduce which must effectually repress all doubts of its perfect efficiency.

Like the obstacles standing in the way of every new utility, the difficulties opposed to the ultimate perfection of the electrotype have been unduly magnified. The reproduction of large plates was at first pronounced impracticable; and when small ones were attempted, no allowance being made for the softness of electrotype copper, there were many failures in printing. Before means were employed for the acceleration of the deposition, plates were frequently removed from the trough before they had acquired a substance sufficient to withstand the roller. Again, in order to afford them as much support as possible against the necessary pressure, the plate was subjected to the process of printing exactly as it had been removed from the trough, having the back rough and coarsely granulated; the result of which was, that this inequality caused an inequality of pressure, insomuch as to destroy the printing surface of the plate, the remedy for which is to obtain a substance sufficient to admit of the back being filed down to an even surface, and then to be left sufficiently thick as not unduly to yield to the roller in printing.

The process of inducing metallic deposition by means of the battery is extremely simple; and the public lectures, by which the discovery was daily illustrated, gave the electrotype an extensive celebrity as a philosophical toy. The apparatus, and the means of obtaining results, were so simple as to be employed even by persons entirely unacquainted with the nature of the agent. Still, by various hands, various results are producible, and very little of the metal produced experimentally would at all assist the great end for which we contend the electrotype is so peculiarly adapted. We have seen, with every generally-known means of commanding success, a metal produced which would crumble under the slightest pressure; and this has been so frequently the end of experiments in electro-metallurgy, on an extended scale, as to have impressed many inquirers with an opinion of the impossibility of producing a good metal, and others with a conviction that the difficulties standing in the way of success were so obstinate—and that the success itself, even if attained to, might be of little value—so that, of numbers who addressed themselves to electro-metallurgy with the hope of advantage, few have realized their expectations with regard to Fine Art.

We have from its discovery advocated the electrotype as an invaluable agent in Art, and our most sanguine hope is justified. In the plate 'The Children in the Wood,' we have instituted an experiment and a comparison which establish the character of electrotype metal as equal to beaten copper of the best quality for yielding prints—as well in number as quality; an attestation of which fact has been supplied to us by the printing firms into whose hands the plates have been given, for the purpose of testing the electrotype plate against the original.

This small plate was originally engraved by Mr. Greatbach, and six electrotypes were made from it, five only of which have been used; and the number of impressions which have been struck from these five—ten thousand—is certified by the printers respectively.

These electrotypes were made by Mr. Vaughan Palmer. The first really successful result, as a large plate, was the well-known plate from Mr. Leslie's picture, entitled 'May Day'; the electrotype from this was produced by Mr. Palmer, in whose hands it was placed, after other attempts to repeat the plate had failed. The time occupied in obtaining this facsimile was eight weeks—a period much too lengthened for ordinary purposes; it was, therefore, a great point with Mr. Palmer to produce a similar plate in less time, and he succeeded in reducing the time to fourteen days, producing a plate in every respect equal to that which occupied the longer period in formation. For large plates, of the size of that in question, fourteen days are understood to be the time usually necessary, and this is believed to be the minimum: there are no known means of further accelerating the deposition. This electrotype, it was generally believed, would not pass uninjured through the press: it was, however, proved in the usual way, and afterwards subjected to an extra power, which required two men to draw it; but it withstood this severe trial, and came from the press uninjured and without having curled. The next reproduction was Turner's 'Modern Italy'; and this plate when finished was subjected to the closest inspection by glasses, but no imperfection could be detected. An impression was compared with a proof from the original plate, and the comparison told favourably for the electrotype impressions, one of which was sent to her Majesty at Windsor—an example of the first-fruits of the discovery. This print was followed by the pendant, 'Ancient Italy.' Among the large plates executed by Mr. Palmer those most known are the Art-Union plates. The first of these was Hilton's 'Una'; and this was perfectly reproduced by Mr. Palmer after others had entirely failed. This was succeeded by Callcott's 'Raffaelle and the Fornarina,' and Stanfield's 'Castle of Ischia'; and these works will demonstrate the infallibility of the electrotype as a minute copyist more clearly than the earliest essays, because, in the latter case, the plates were perfectly new when copied, and thus each imitation was fitted for throwing off impressions of the quality of proofs. Whereas, on the other hand, as, for instance, in the case of the 'May Day' plate, it was already considered worn out when placed in the hands of the electrotypist: hence an old plate is by no means a fair test. The original plate of the 'Una' was engraved by Mr. W. H. Watt, who expresses his opinion of the electrotype in a testimonial, of which the following passage is the conclusion:—"In fact, if a plate is well electrotyped *before it is worn*, I am certain that, out of a dozen prints, no engraver could select those taken from an electrotyped plate from those taken from the original plate." Columns might be filled with similar evidence.

With respect to this small print, the figures in which are by Mr. Benwell, and the landscape by Mr. Westall, A.R.A., impressions of one of the electrotype plates, worked by Messrs. Dixon and Ross, lie before us while writing.

They have been taken at various stages of the printing, as, for instance, at intervals of five hundred: one of the first five hundred, one of the second, one of the third, &c. On a close inspection of one of the last of two thousand five hundred it does not present that worn appearance which an ordinary plate generally does after yielding so many impressions—the last impression will, in short, bear comparison with the earliest impressions, and the plate is, we are assured by the printers, in a condition to yield copies yet to the amount of many hundreds, and that without any of the assistance usually afforded to plates when under process of working. We have also before us prints from the original plate, between which and those of the electrotype there is not the most minute perceptible difference.

The following certificate is from Messrs. Dixon and Ross, in which they record their opinion of the electrotype plates, and declare the number of impressions they have drawn from them:—

"We have taken 5500 impressions (*i. e.*, 2500 from each) of the two plates (electrotypes) of 'The Children in the Wood,' engraved by Mr. Greatbach, and have no hesitation in saying each has stood the number equal in every respect to the original plate, or any other original plate we have ever printed.

"We have also printed 2500 impressions from the *original* copperplate of 'The Children in the Wood', and consider that the electrotyped plate has stood equally well with it.

"J. Ross.
"Dixon and Ross."

The following is another certificate testifying to a like result:—

"I certify that 2500 impressions have been taken from the electrotype plate of 'The Children in the Wood,' and the plate is still in a very good state, and would yield 500 or 1000 more.

"H. WILKINSON, Copperplate Printer,
"Jan. 14, 1847." Prujean-square, Old Bailey.

Mr. M'Queen is also printing one of the electrotype plates—but has not yet finished working it; his statement, therefore, must be postponed.

We have thus, it will be seen, instituted a comparison and established a result of the highest importance to Art and Art-education. The task of the mere "collector" is that which has hitherto been sought to be gratified, and that turns to nothing in common—favours nothing promotive of open-hearted intellectuality. The great result of our experiment is this—if we desire a proof of a fine print the price is five guineas; if a print, we pay for it two or three, as it may be; this is according to the current price of engravings. Now, we say that, by means of this process, the public might be put in possession of high-class prints at a price of about one-tenth of their present cost, provided, of course, that publishers could ensure so extensive a demand as to warrant the undertaking of works which, under any circumstances, must involve a considerable outlay. And numbers should not deteriorate quality of impression, for the last print of the hundredth thousand should be equal in all respects to the first proof. We wish it to be understood that this is not a question of low or mediocre taste—any advocacy of the electrotype as promotive of mediocre Art is unworthy of support. The certificates we have embodied show the numbers that one plate will yield; each of these certificates speaks only of one plate; but there have been altogether six plates electrotyped, a part only of which have been used to return fifteen thousand impressions, according to the proportion of two thousand five hundred each, with the discretional power of making them produce respectively from five hundred to a thousand more. We know the value of steel in returning a large number of impressions; in such a result as fifteen thousand from a steel-plate there would be an appreciable difference between progressive impressions, a difference much more definite at the end of two or three thousand more, and so much so at the end of a few thousands additional as to render the plate of no value; and here ends the utility of steel.

Another result of the electrotype would be to destroy the ridiculously exclusive preference given to "proofs"—the value of which is of a ratio inverse to the progress of the plate: as for instance, a proof from a plate by Morghen of any famous work—say 'The Last Supper' by Leonardo—might be valued at a hundred or a hundred and twenty guineas, provided certain of the heads or the table-cloth were unfinished; but, if the same were finished, then the value might be seventy guineas, thus graduating inversely. The gratification of possessing unfinished proofs is an irrational taste, which, like many others, cannot be accounted for by the collector—upon other than selfish grounds—and this false value to certain impressions would be destroyed by the electrotype, by which at any time any state of a plate could be represented *ad infinitum*. Further proofs of the value of this means we shall hereafter bring forward.

But the production of works of Art by means of the electrotype is an endless multiplication, fitted above every other known means for extending that knowledge of Art, without which no system of education is perfect. It is not by limited thousands we would distribute the best works of all times, but by unlimited tens of thousands. The electrotype is like the fabled power of some Eastern tale—we cannot overtask it—it seems to bid us ask for what we will, but we have hitherto asked only for trifles; it is a talisman disposing at will of the treasures of the beautiful, to which, for ourselves, we promise to have abundant recourse.

* Engraved by W. Greatbach from a drawing; the landscape by W. Westall, A.R.A.; the figure by —— Benwell.

The Figures by J. H. Benwell, — the Landscape by W. Westall, A.R.A.

Engraved by W. Greatbatch.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

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THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE PICTURE CLEANING.

THE discussion arising out of the anonymous letters bearing the signature of "Verax" has been continued with a tolerably active war of words by a great variety of writers in different periodicals and daily journals. Two days before the publication of our last number, an epistle, even more lengthy, virulent, and scurrilous than its predecessors, appeared in the "Times." Almost immediately afterwards, Mr. Coningham thought fit publicly to repudiate any acquaintance with the *gentleman* who signed himself "Verax," and to condemn his personalities.

"Ignorance" has been pretty freely the war-cry of the anonymous slanderers. We shall only deal with these imputations when they proceed from the pens of recognised individuals such—as Mr. Coningham, and the Graduate of Oxford. The gentleman first named proposes to entrap a writer who differs from him in opinion, and have him "bottled as a natural curiosity." Doubtless Mr. Coningham meant to be witty, and anticipated a loud laugh from the Graduate's class of the "rank-scented many," while the equally unworthy joke, attributed to the late Mr. Beckford, about the "Skinners' Company," is an unjust aspersion on the memory of the dead. If Mr. Beckford were living, it would probably be followed by some such refutation as that which Sir M. A. Shee has so manfully extorted in his own case. The assertions and counter-assertions of the parties who have mingled in the controversy, if examined by any uninterested individual, would display so singular a diversity of idea, as to ensure conviction that the various parties bandied words, of the meaning of which they were ignorant. When the 'Perugino' was sold to the National Gallery by Mr. Beckford, he did not escape the charge of having "skinned," or been accessory to the "skinning," of the forehead of the Virgin; from which he was accused of having rubbed off a bandeau, with a jewelled ornament. The Graduate comes down upon all parties, and declares it is no Perugino at all; and that the Guidos are not true works of the painter, but that they would discredit even his pupils and imitators. Mr. Coningham's next assault is on the colour of the flesh of the females in the 'Peace and War,' which, imbued with the same feeling of coarse hilarity, he compares to a fresh-skinned calf: a low joke, which must have been better understood in the purlieus of Clare Market, than in the more elegant vicinity of Belgrave-square. This picture of Rubens was for a century and a half in one of the palaces of Genoa, and we cannot tell what happened to it in that locality; since the Graduate informs us, he had seen in Venice the noblest works of Tintoretto painted over with a brush fit for tarring ships. The picture was cleaned some thirty years ago, when possessed by the Marquis of Stafford; and who can say, at this epoch, that it was not then toned back by tinted varnishes (the glazings of mouthing scribblers) to a condition that called last year for a necessity of seeing what the picture really was, underneath the accumulation of impurities? But the grand secret has come out, and, instead of being a picture wholly painted by Rubens, there is evidence of the profanation of a very inferior hand; on the left side especially, where the advancing female with her turned back, the feebly-designed leg, the drapery that envelops her waist, part of the crouching satyr, and some other portions, betray too evidently the presence either of a feeble assistant of Rubens in painting the picture, or the use of a brush fit only for "tarring," to conceal some accident or injury of a former period. The picture may have lost its monetary estimation, but the unanimous opinion of our leading painters confirms the advantages derivable from the exposition of its manifold beauties, now it is cleared from the mist and film of prejudiced and unlearned connoisseurship. Mr. Coningham goes on to say about the Cuyp, that "the luminous colour, the true aërial perspective, which can be produced by glazing only, and which is so admirable in the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish masters," are pronounced useless. Really we may be excused if we descend to use the epithet "ignorance," in meeting this assumption of knowledge of the arcana of Art. Who are the Italian painters of landscape? We should like to learn, for hitherto we never heard of any Italian landscape-painter of consequence excepting Salvator Rosa, and he assuredly never used glazings. All other Italian painters represented landscape as subordinate to historical composition. Claude and the Poussins were Frenchmen, not Italians: Claude could hardly forget the vapoury climate of Lorraine, nor Poussin the misty atmosphere of Normandy. Thus was their success in landscape imbibed by early association with northern vagueness of distance. Titian and Domenichino were not landscape-painters, they made landscape secondary to their figures; and the only merit this part of their compositions possesses is the simple grandeur of the forms of natural objects. The "Graduate," on returning to England, would not have been struck with wonder at the intensity of the blue sky in Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne' if he could have spared a little time to look at Nature in Italy's bright clime, instead of constantly gazing on the spoliation of Tintoretto with the tarring brush, or brooding over the rottings of Fra Angelico. If he had looked upwards for a few minutes on a sunny day, when at Venice, he would have seen Titian's intensely blue sky overhead, and not have sported in print, on his return, that it was not faint and aërial enough in Titian's picture.

The most successful master of aërial perspective of our day, Mr. J. B. Pyne, the accomplished landscape-painter, perfects his distance by pure tints of solid colour; sometimes painted on a previous rich impasto of white, and never uses the slightest glazing. We all recollect the glorious picture of the 'Menai Straits' in last year's exhibition, which was a triumph of aërial perspective. But to return to the old masters: in spite of Mr. Coningham's *dictum*, that true aërial perspective is produced by glazings only, look at the distances of Claude, the matchless, the unrivalled master of aërial perspective, where defiance may be given to indicate the slightest use of glazing. If Mr. Coningham were anything of an artist, or had studied the practical part, he would have learned that glazings are only capable of use as warm tones, and would ruin all the cool greys of distance. For his instruction, as well as for that of all conceited and vanity-crammed connoisseurs, we beg to say that glazings are warm tints, and only capable of being so employed, and that it is scumblings which are used to obtain cool tints. It is surprising there has been no cackling about destroying the scumblings as well as the glazings; but technical twaddle has not yet advanced to this acquirement.

During the contest, it was untruly and unblushingly asserted that the venerable President of the Royal Academy had ridiculed the drawings of Michael Angelo, and of Raffaelle. Mr. Coningham found, a few days after, that he had overstepped the boundaries of truth, and, in addition to his previous renunciation of the *gentleman* "Verax," he had to swallow the bitter abnegation of the unfounded calumny on Sir M. A. Shee. The worthy President, although advanced in age, was not asleep: he came forth like a lion from his lair, and by a manly, vigorous, and unflinching reply, tore the veil from the anonymous, of one individual at least; and exposed the avaricious and selfish animus of a member of the picture-dealing craft. It is so important to rescue Sir M. A. Shee's letter from the oblivion of the pages of a daily paper, that we here reprint it entire.

"To the Editor of the Times.

"SIR,—Long-continued illness and severe domestic affliction have, for a considerable period, rendered me unable to attend to my duties as President of the Royal Academy or Trustee of the National Gallery; and, as I had not been in any manner connected with the recent controversy respecting the alleged injury to the pictures in that collection, I have been not a little surprised at the wanton attacks upon me which have recently appeared in your columns. Your correspondent 'Veritas,' however, has let out the secret, and exposed the quarter from which those absurd slanders appear to have emanated.

"As a Trustee of the National Gallery, I several years ago felt it to be my duty to oppose the reiterated attempts of Mr. Woodburn to force upon the Trustees, at an extravagant price, the residue of a collection of drawings, the most authentic and attractive portion of which had been previously withdrawn, and sold to other parties. This circumstance will, I have no doubt, satisfactorily enlighten the public as to the extraordinary and gratuitous assaults on me, and effectually illustrate, also, the virtuous indignation excited against Mr. Eastlake and the Trustees of the Gallery, by the 'irreparable destruction' of the works intrusted to their negligent guardianship.

"Not having been able to visit the Gallery since the picture-cleaner was employed there, I shall, of course, say nothing on the subject of his operations; but I should think an apology due to Mr. Eastlake (whose high character as an artist and a gentleman I fully appreciate), if I were to say one word in his defence against such rancorous assailants.

"As to your correspondent 'Veritas,' although I have no doubt (if he be not himself an interested accomplice in the offensive proceedings resorted to on the occasion) he has been deceived as well as Mr. Coningham, I should treat his communication with that contempt in which all anonymous calumniators should be held, if my respect for the Institution with which I have the honour to be connected did not require me to declare that every statement which refers to me on the subject which he treats is alike malevolent, unprovoked, and untrue.

"I never was referred to by the late Lord Grey, by Lord Monteagle, or by any other member of the Government, respecting the purchase for the nation of the Lawrence Collection of Drawings. I never made any report whatever to Lord Grey on the subject of the proposed purchase. I never examined 'the Raffaelles or Michael Angelos,' as one of 'the competent judges' who are said to have been consulted on the occasion for the purpose of influencing the decision of the Government; nor did I select the original drawing, or any other drawing, of 'St. Cecilia,' for either official comment or criticism.

"From the ridiculously ignorant and shameless statements of your correspondent which I have thus noticed, and to substantiate which will require a somewhat less interested evidence than that of Mr. Samuel Woodburn, I leave you to judge, Sir, how appropriately the signature of 'Veritas' has been adopted by that gentleman.

"Although we have unfortunately to lament the loss of Lord Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne luckily remains to us, as well as the two other distinguished noblemen who have been so wantonly and insultingly alluded to on this occasion.

"I regret, Sir, to be thus obliged to obtrude my name on the notice of the public, but I shall enter into no further controversy with any patriotic picture-dealer who may be disposed, in the libellous language of slander and misrepresentation, to lament that his disinterested zeal for the honour and advantage of his country has been disappointed, and that his 'gems' have not been allowed to shine on the walls of the National Gallery.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"Brighton, Jan. 13. "MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.

"I trust, Sir, to your sense of justice for the immediate publication of this letter in the same conspicuous manner in which you have printed the communication which has occasioned it."

In the midst of this intrigue, assumption, and falsehood, the picture-dealing fraternity have not elevated their character as a body; and the dealer who sold the 'Velasquez' owes to the public an explanation, if he cannot give a denial to the pleasant history of being the hero of a hoax upon the gullibility of the Trustees of the National Gallery. We should like to know whether Mr. Farrer, who sold this picture to the National Gallery, did really threaten, as "Verax" states, to export the picture to Holland, when, in fact, it had been previously sent there, and been brought back to England without finding a purchaser in that country.

The subject cannot rest, and we sincerely hope that an inquiry will take place for the sake of Mr. Eastlake. During the virulence of the storm, he has wisely refrained from noticing it personally. The attack was too gross to have the semblance of truth; and persons of high character and standing, by their opinions and communications, have turned the tide of calumny. One word more. It would give greater weight to the wholesale desires of the "Author of Modern Painters," who says, "Let agents be sent to all the cities of Italy; let the noble pictures which are perishing there be rescued from the invisibility and ill treatment which their position too commonly implies; and let us have a national collection which, however imperfect, shall be orderly and continuous," &c. &c.; if the said author would enumerate these great invisible works which are so readily attainable. It would be news indeed. His recent travels in Italy have certainly provided him with accurate data on some points, and it would prove his wisdom and knowledge in those matters, if he could—seeing that our Art is a shadow, and our connoisseurship a hypocrisy—point out at the same time whether the agents he so loudly calls on us to employ should be either artists, picture-dealers, or Graduates of Oxford.

WILKIE.

GEMS OF EUROPEAN ART.—THE ROYAL GALLERIES OF EUROPE.*

As an earnest of our purpose of introducing into our Journal as many as possible of the works of eminent painters of our school, we present one of the most popular of the works of Sir David Wilkie, from a work entitled "Gems of European Art," which has now for three years creditably sustained itself in public estimation, as bringing forward the works of the celebrated men of all schools in a form more popularly accessible than that in which generally such valuable works appear; and not only for promoting a more intimate knowledge of works long famous, was this Serial established, but for introducing to public notice the works of living artists—such selected compositions as were entitled by their merit to mingle with others of high class. Thus we find, contributed by our own school, works of Reynolds, West, Lawrence, Lely, Wilkie, Gainsborough, Clennell, Ward (E. M.), Herbert, &c.; and from others of the schools of all countries—by Vandyke, Titian, Velasquez, Correggio, Claude, Rubens, Murillo, Cuyp, Wouvermans, Berghem, Gerard, Gerardet, Douw, &c. &c. Thus, in such a diversity of subject and such a variety of style, every taste finds abundant gratification. And this will be evident in the selection which has been thus judiciously made with such view. This publication has nearly reached its thirtieth number—each number containing three plates, engraved in a manner not unworthy of the very best works, and accompanied with letterpress descriptions and biographical notices. Among these plates are many from pictures well known to, and highly esteemed by, the public—so highly, indeed, that engravings from them have been published at a comparatively high price, and have found an extensive patronage. As instances of this we mention: Murillo's 'Flower Girl,' the original of which is at Dulwich—the works of Gainsborough in the National Gallery—those of Claude in the same collection—of Titian, in the Louvre—and of others equally well known on the Continent by Gerard, Allori, Vandyke, Correggio, &c., all of which have been engraved in dimensions much more ample than the size of these "European Gems"; but, although larger, the qualities of the pictures are not always more justly represented, nor, often, do the most expensive plates preserve faith with the originals more scrupulously than the plates now before us. We well remember the magnificent works of the Society of Engravers, who entered upon, and advanced considerably in, the enterprise of engraving in large folio the contents of the National Gallery, and, when this really national work ceased to be published, astonishment was loudly expressed that engravings so exquisite should lack patronage; but so it was: the plates were large, and the labour upon a copperplate, according to larger proportion, multiplies itself not at a simple but at a square ratio, and the very limited number struck off were necessarily offered at a high price, and, had they been sold, the work had been continued and ended in a manner to fulfil the promise of its commencement. But the simple fact is, that the price of Art in those days was too high—that the taste was not so much advanced as at present, not even so much so as to dispose of a number sufficient to support the progression of the work.

In a collection so extensive as the "European Gems"—and embracing as they do, examples of all schools, of all masters of high reputation—the examples of each of the latter are necessarily few, and these are, as far as has been practicable, his best and most popular works. There is, for instance, Reynolds's 'Robinet,' the original of which is in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. The subject is well known—a child feeding and caressing a bird upon her shoulder. Reynolds gave to his heads of children the arch character of the brightest phase of infantine life, and thus succeeded in painting them as they had never been painted before. His style of painting children was hailed as the solution of the something wanting in Art to the happiness of infantine life upon canvas; but this solution, like so many others, is yet valueless, because we cannot *continue* Reynolds.—Of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Lady Dover we must also speak as one of the most charming of his works—at once a portrait and a picture. This composition is well known: the lady, it will be remembered, is attired in black velvet—a material which Lawrence dealt with to perfection.—By Gainsborough there are 'The Market Cart,' the well-known picture in the National Collection, and 'The Cottage Door,' in the gallery of the Marquis of Westminster; and Gainsborough was essentially an English painter, one whose works exercise a more extensive influence on our school than is generally believed. He never went to Italy, though the works of Mola excited a strong wish to visit that country. He painted frequently with one of Mola's landscapes before him, but this did not vitiate the strong originality of his style. The excellence of both the pictures engraved is so well known as to require no eulogy at our hands.—Another picture from the National Collection we must mention—that is the magnificent picture by Hilton, 'Serena rescued by the Red Cross Knight,' a composition which in masterly power equals anything in modern Art. Poor Hilton was one of our victims to Historical composition—his soul soared too high in the poetry of his art to stoop to portraiture, or he might have retired with an ample fortune.—From the well-known sketch by Vandyke, in the Louvre, there is the famous portrait of Charles; and by all who know the freely touched picture it must be admitted that the portrait looks better in an engraving than in the original. One of the most beautiful of the works of Correggio is contained among these plates—it is 'The Marriage of St. Catherine,' the original of which is in the Museum at Naples. In many of the works of this painter the figures are foreshortened, and this occurs so frequently as to show that this was a favourite manner of viewing the figure—one in which Correggio showed more power than any others of the early painters. 'The Marriage of St. Catherine' is a charming composition, studiously balanced in its proportions of light and shadow. The Virgin is on the left holding the infant Saviour on her knee, while St. Catherine leans forward and receives the ring from the infant, who looks up inquiringly into the face of Mary, whose head and that of St. Catherine—both seen in profile—are of surpassing sweetness. Another work of this great master is the famous Magdalen, which he is said to have repeated more than once. There exist two or three repetitions of this figure, all attributed with faith to Correggio; the background of one of them differs from the others. This plate represents that in the Dresden Gallery, of which the story is told that it was the property of a member of the house of Este, who kept it in a frame of silver ornamented with precious stones, and when travelling the proprietor had it placed in a case and put into the carriage. The picture is small in size, its breadth being only one foot six inches, and its height one foot two inches. This figure is slightly foreshortened, the lower part of the body retiring in a small degree. But it is at Parma where the genius of Correggio arose. He was only twenty-four years of age when he executed at Parma the picture which still remains in the Monastery of St. Paolo—a work which, after many disputes, has been recognised as one of the most spirited, one of the noblest and most erudite performances that ever proceeded from the hand of its accomplished author; and to this composition he was indebted for the opportunity afforded him of executing his great works in the Church of St. John and in the Cathedral, for the preservation of which, efforts have been recently put forth by the authorities of Parma. The cupola is the most remarkable of these works—a miracle of Art, and without example in its period, after finishing which, Correggio lived only four years, dying at the early age of forty-four.—The selected example of Titian is that famous picture in the Louvre in which Titian himself holds a glass, that the principal figure, a lady, may see how to dress her hair. It frequently occurs that we find a repetition of one set of features running through a long series of the works of certain painters—and this is the case with the head of the female figure, the best and most brilliant representation of which is Titian's picture known as the 'Flora,' in the Venetian Room, in the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence. This picture seems to be the established *pons asinorum* of all painters resident in, as well as visitors to, Florence; as hundreds of copies of it have been made, but with a limited degree of success in any of them, and yet the picture is as simple as that immediately under notice; but in this, simple as it is, Tiziano Vecelli has yet done inimitable things. The same head occurs in many others of this master's works in various aspects, as profile, front, three-quarter face, &c. We find in the same number another admirable and celebrated work by an Italian master—that is, 'Judith with the Head of Holofernes,' by Allori, of the Florentine school, better known as Bronzino. It is a small picture, hanging in the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence, and presenting Judith, a small three-quarter length figure, carrying the head of Holofernes in her left hand—the same side being presented to the spectator, while in the right she grasps the blade with which the decapitation has been effected. The drapery is yellow, the whole highly finished, and the picture in a very fine state of preservation.—An example of Rubens is supplied by the Royal Collection at Windsor, the subject is 'St. Martin dividing his Cloak.' This saint was a soldier—a fact here alluded to by the artist, who has presented him in armour and on horseback, yet holding his sword with which he has divided his cloak, a portion of which he hands to the beggars, who desire also the other half. The composition, like all those of this great master, is admirably broken by shadow.—And among the most beautiful in the selection are the works of Murillo, some of the best of which are here—as 'The Flower Girl' at Dulwich—the most exquisite example of Murillo's *genre* style—a taste which the Spanish painters, unlike those of Italy, indulged, though they professedly were religious painters. We have another exquisite picture, 'The Infant St. John,' from the National Gallery, full of that simplicity, sweetness, and candour which characterize all the works of this most natural painter. Another, by Murillo, is 'The Ascension of the Virgin'—a picture so beautiful that he was called upon to repeat it more than once. The Virgin is represented ascending to heaven borne by cherubim.—This notice is of necessity too brief to particularize more of these engravings, which really convey a very accurate idea of the styles of the various painters. With a word about Wilkie, we close our observations. Among these engravings are found the whole of Wilkie's early series—all those pictures which are so well understood by everybody, and one of which is so well calculated to be among the first of the series of valuable engravings from valuable pictures with which it is our purpose to enrich the ART-UNION.

We had intended, indeed, to have made these examples of the great British masters the groundwork of an article on Wilkie's works and character—a duty the discharge of which we shall for the present postpone.

Our subscribers will be aware that the introduction of this print is in addition to the illustrations which, of right, appertain to them; these specimens of his work are supplied to us by Mr. VIRTUE; his object being, of course, to render our readers, as far as possible, familiar with the publication, by accompanying our review with one of the examples. While, therefore, he is advancing his own object—for no plan can be so effective—he is enabling us to add essentially to the interest and value of our Journal. We shall, no doubt, from time to time, have the same agreeable mode of exhibiting the merits of a publication we may be called upon to notice; but on all such occasions we shall still supply to our subscribers the two ORIGINAL prints they are promised with each monthly part of the ART-UNION.

It only remains for us to say, that although exception may be made to some of the prints contained in Mr. Virtue's work, as a whole they are of undoubted excellence—considered in reference to the singularly small cost. It was a bold attempt to produce engraving so good at a price so limited; and we cordially hope the speculation will have answered the purpose of the enterprising publisher.

We repeat that which we have said so often: he who makes GOOD ART CHEAP is a public benefactor; he is teaching and delighting thousands instead of dozens—and employing Art in discharging its highest and best duty, that of reforming the manners, instructing the mind, and purifying the heart.

* Gems of European Art; the Royal Galleries of Europe; the best Pictures of the best Schools. Edited by S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A., &c. Published by G. Virtue.

THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS IN FRANCE.

VISIT TO THE BRONZE MANUFACTORY OF M. M. DENIERE: PARIS.

The manufacture of bronzes may be dated from a very early period, having entered largely into the construction of gates of temples, statues, tables of law, &c. among the Hebrews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. In the time of the Renaissance, extraordinary was the perfection to which the art was carried, as evidenced by the works of Donatello, Ghiberti, Benvenuto Cellini, and others. Among the English, also, in the same periods, works were executed of no small pretension, although their claims as works in bronze have been less known and estimated, from the fact that they were mostly covered with enamellings and gildings. In modern days, the results of the ateliers of certain of our sculptors, as of Sir Francis Chantrey and Mr. Wyatt, are too well known to need particular comment; and we may express our regret that this beautiful material—which, if it stand not well the smoke and other peculiarities of a London atmosphere, is calculated eminently for the beautiful decorations of interiors—has been almost resigned to the talents of the Germans and the French. There are various causes at present operating in this country against the due evolutions of artistic efforts in reference to bronze castings. The principal of these consists in the comparative absence of important foundries; and there is also a deficiency of workmen possessed of the requisite artistic knowledge that should guide them in the after-operations on which so much of the lustre and delicacy of touch depends. In all the more mechanical and chemical processes, the already famous energies of Englishmen would soon distance all competitors; but we had it from one of the bronze factors of London, that to procure efficient and duly intelligent chisellers was no easy matter; and thus the examples of Paris, Munich, and other places, have as yet met with little response here—not so much because of want of demand for bronze articles, as because there is a deficiency of that educated power of hand and those perceptions which are required to fulfil the wishes of the sculptor, and place his modelling in its full value before the public.

The manufacture of bronze in modern days has become eminently Parisian. Calling into employ the most celebrated artists, and the most excellent workmen, this single branch of art and commerce has benefited many ranks, and become an important item in the exports of the French capital. The interest afforded by the working of the bronze arises partly from the variety possible in its application; lamps, vases, inkstands, clock-cases, flower-pots, dessert plates, and a host of other articles of domestic import or luxury, making upon it an equal demand with the more elevated works of the statuary. Thus, in the higher class of its productions, it is grandiose and imposing; in the other classes, it presents ornamental art at a low price, combining elegance of form with solidity of material. So late only as 1624, this art was naturalized in France under the form of the manufacture of cannons, since which it has rapidly increased in the number of its branches, till it now furnishes the principal towns of Europe with the results of its operations, and, responding to the widely-spread art-culture of the Parisians, it has enabled the humblest *bourgeois* to display his taste and gratify his inclinations. Thus the houses of this class display the small bronzes on the mantel-piece, and Paris is becoming crowded with public and private durable works of art, in a way to rival the possessions of Corinth, Athens, and Rome. Nor is this branch of manufacture a stationary one, as would indeed be manifest to those who reflect that a wide continental sphere of demand is being made upon one or two centres. The Committee of the Exposition of Industry in Paris of 1834, 1839, complained of not seeing the more industrial department of the art in their exhibition. In 1844, on the contrary, the beautiful and the magnificent were largely combined with the useful.

We will not say that in beauty of design in Paris there is not much failure; on the contrary, many of the timé-pieces, candelabra, &c. that make so large a call on the bronzists of that Metropolis, exhibit, with all the skill of workmanship, beauty of colour, accuracy of form, and even ingenuity of thought, a want of presiding harmony over the component parts of their fancies, that interferes to a great extent with the felicity of impression they are intended to make on the fancy of the spectator. In other cases, also, the idea of construction is violated, and the notion of improbability is suggested by the ornament; thereby denying to the mind the satisfaction derived invariably from such instances of ornamentation as leave the mind convinced that, while the pleasure of the eye has been appealed to, the sources of durability, security, and other useful qualities, lie concealed beneath.

In colour and casting the Parisian Fabricants de Bronze have arrived at a great pitch of perfection. Their methods of obtaining the former depend on peculiar processes, both in the first and final operations. They restore the fire-colour with wonderful success, and they produce a great variation in tints, from the peculiar green bronze to the richest depth of a golden brown. This must have struck every one who has visited the different collections. As far as it is dependent on the casting, namely, on the proportions of the materials entering into the composition of the bronze, we have gathered that the metal is generally made up of the following:—

Copper	82
Zinc	15
Pewter	3
Lead	1½

It should be understood, however, that the bronze here indicated is such as is intended for "gilding." If in the bronze there be too much copper, it takes more gold; if too much zinc, the fine yellow in the gilding colour is lost. For great monuments, such as the "Column of July," it is composed of

Copper	91.40
Zinc	5.53
Pewter	1.70
Lead	1.37
	100

The bronze industry of Paris occupies about 6,000 workmen; viz., 400 sculptors or modellers, 800 founders, 600 turners, 1,800 mounters, 600 gilders, silverers, and varnishers, 1,200 engravers or chisellers (ciseleurs), and 600 labourers. Of all these, the only dangerous occupation is that of the "gilder."

Before introducing some details of one of the great establishments of Paris, which will afford our readers the means of judging explicitly how these extensive foundries are supported, and how their manifold operations are carried into effect, it will not, we think, be unacceptable, if we avail ourselves of the present opportunity to explain the processes of *casting*, since there are many to whom such information will not only be new but interesting. In order to convey these facts, we shall extract such portions as suit our purpose, from an admirable description given in Lardner's Cyclopædia, to the pages of which we can refer the students in our Schools of Design, as to a mine of valuable collateral information.

In the modern bronze foundry, the mould of a statue consists of three parts:—1. the core; 2. the wax, in which every exterior portion of the statue is modelled; and, 3. cement for the shell or mask, deriving all its impressions from the wax. The core is a rude representation of the figure intended to be cast, and smaller, in every part, in proportions agreeing with the calculated thickness of metal: if large, or having extended parts, it is strengthened inside by means of pieces of iron. It is composed of a mixture of gypsum and brick-dust diluted to the consistence of clay, and must be raised upon a fixed grate, in order that it may be thoroughly dried, and for another purpose afterwards mentioned. It is next covered over with modelling wax: which should be, in all parts, at least an inch thick: this the artist with his tools fashions exactly to the form which the casting is to exhibit, the perfection of the ultimate design, of course, corresponding to the degree of excellence attained in the model. If, however, the statue is to be a fac-simile of one already executed in marble, or modelled in plaster of Paris, moulds of the latter material are formed upon the pattern figure, and from these moulds castings in wax are obtained of convenient sizes, and these are joined together upon the core; the workman proceeding from the feet upwards, and filling up every cavity inside as he advances, by pouring in a liquid cement. By the former method, it will be perceived, every line of the moulding must be executed by the sculptor himself; in the latter, an artist may, with proper attention to *copying* merely, produce in metal a master-piece of statuary. In either case, we have the entire form of the intended bronze composed externally of wax: to this are now to be attached several nearly perpendicular sticks of wax, intended to form conduits for the passage of the molten metal, as well as vents for the escape of the air during casting: bits of bronze are likewise stuck through the wax into the core, so as to keep both parts of the mould in their relative position after the wax has been drawn out. When these are arranged, the formation of the shell or outer covering is proceeded with: it is composed, in the first layers, of a mixture of clay and old white crucibles, very finely powdered, sifted, and moistened to about the consistency of cream: this is carefully spread several times over upon the wax, so as to fill every indentation, and cover every raised part: to this composition, earth and horse-dung are afterwards added; and, lastly, a thick coating of these two materials only is laid on. The whole is now firmly fixed to the grate by means of uprights, and bands of iron embracing the shell at intervals. Every precaution having been taken to secure the stability of the mould, a fire is kindled under the grate, and the wax melted out, leaving the space which it occupied to be filled with the metal. When, however, the mould is prepared in several parts, from a model first accurately formed in gypsum, and afterwards cut up into sections of convenient size, the pieces may be dried separately. The mould being thoroughly dried, is, whether entire or composed of several pieces, hoisted by means of a crane into the casting pit, and having been put together and properly placed, it is carefully surrounded with sand: if the subject be too big to allow of the mould being thus lifted, then all the preceding operations would have to be carried on in the pit. The mould being thus placed, and gutters made from the furnace to communicate with the different conduits leading to various parts of the statue, the metal is suffered at once to flow into and fill the mould, which it does almost instantly. As it is difficult to obtain very large statues perfectly sound, they are sometimes cast in several pieces, which are afterwards united by pouring metal, in a state of fusion, along the joints. The work, whether cast at once or in sections, is finished by cutting off superfluous portions, and chiseling the different parts: after which the surface is sometimes rendered of uniform appearance by the aid of some composition, according to the taste of the artist.

The bronze foundries of the French metropolis are among the most interesting of its many curious sights, and some of them are vast establishments.

Numerous as are the springs of this department of industrial wealth in Paris, we shall select, in illustration of our present notice, the one presented by the ateliers and show-rooms of M. M. Deniere, with a careful inspection of which, an explanation of the processes therein employed, and every facility for our artist, we were most obligingly favoured. M. Deniere is decidedly the first among the *Fabricants de Bronze*. His reputation indeed is European—a primâ facie evidence that it is as well deserved as it is widely spread. To achieve this, he has taken care to adopt the most unerring means; not content with the mere lustre and workmanship of the material, he has seized upon the aid of those talents for design which the wisdom of the Government and the cordial co-estimation of the manufacturers have called into being in Paris. We learn, indeed, from a Report by Mr. H. J. Townsend—formerly noticed in these pages—that "next to the Government School, the most important, from its objects, its number of students, and as an example of the unceasing efforts of the French to improve the knowledge of the community, is the "Ecole Communale," in the Rue Menilmontant. "The fact," he says, "that my attention was directed to this by one of the first *bronzists*—one of the partners of the firm of Eck and Durand—as the source of the excellence of his workmen, is an important testimony to the value of "Schools of Design," in a commercial point of view. When visiting the bronze foundry of this gentleman, I was particularly struck with the skill evinced in two or three instances in the working of bronze ornament, which had come very roughly from the mould. This was

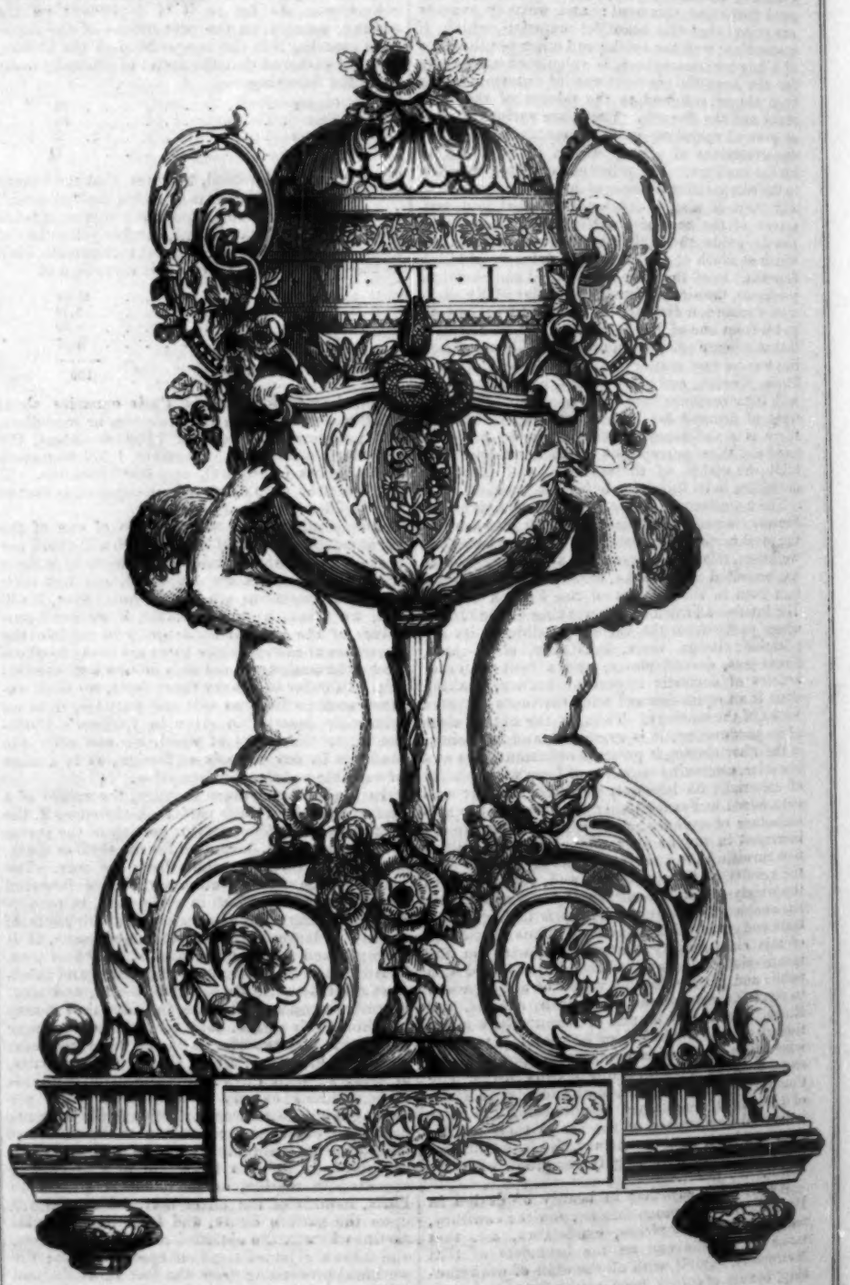
chipped and chiseled with an accuracy, united with artistic grace, that elicited a wish to know where such artificers acquired so perfect a comprehension of the qualities of design. I was then informed that the bronze-founders, anxious to improve their workmen, had established this "Ecole Communale," which, producing good results, was taken up in a spirited manner, and made what it now is, by the Municipality of Paris. Unpretending and workshop-like in its structure, yet admirable are the means it presents! The general arrangements corresponded with those of other schools of design, except in the predominance given to the studies of the human figure *from the Antique and the Life*. Many of the drawings executed in this department were on the walls, and would do credit to the students of any Academy of Art."

With workmen thus educated, therefore, and also employing the talents of the most experienced artists for his designs, the models of M. Deniere are executed with excellent taste. Moreover, the bronze manufactured at his own forge is of the best mixture. Previous success has induced him to neglect nothing which can add to his reputation by the perfection of his productions. Hence the cause of his continued triumph. In the Exposition of Industry, 1844, he exhibited about a dozen pieces of a dessert service, executed for the Duke of Orleans, the whole service being a most exquisite collection of eighty pieces valued at 250,000 francs. All the first medals obtainable at the Exposition of Industry are his, and he is also a *decoré* of the Legion of Honour. His show-rooms in the Rue Vivienne display great riches. Although we have passed our limits in delineating, on a large scale, many fine products of this celebrated manufacturer, such cuts are necessarily but inadequate representations of the reality. M. Deniere's workshops are situated at No. 9, Rue d'Orleans au Martin. We had the satisfaction, accompanied by his principal designer, M. Grillat, to whom our best thanks are due, of going over the whole; and we are thus enabled to give a description of this very interesting establishment. The workshops take up the three sides of a large yard, and are principally on the ground floor. On the first floor, four large rooms, on all sides divided into square compartments, contain the *models* belonging to the establishment; these are in number eight hundred, of different kinds; from which (by composing some, decomposing others), are produced about thirty thousand various articles. To the perfection of these models, which may be likened to the type-casts, taken from wood blocks, the following process is necessary:—First the design is made; then a mould in plaster is executed, and this being taken to the foundry and cast, is handed over to the *ciseleur* of models. A large model is cast in different pieces. After the requisite moulding, it is disposed in order to return to the foundry, where another perfect cast is made, which serves to reproduce the article whenever it is demanded. This of course is necessary, since if the cast were made from a plaster model it would soon be worn out. In this rough state the article is transferred to the different workshops of the *finishers, chasers, gilders, bronzers;* and lastly to the *mounters*, who put the pieces together. It is then ready for sale, M. Deniere has provided separate and extensive apartments for the operations of finishing, turning, chiselling and gilding; and there are, moreover, accommodations on his premises for the stock of the marble and crystal productions, which are afterwards made to compose with the objects of commerce in which his bronze manufactures are employed. The atelier of the gilders and bronzers interested us particularly—so admirable are the principles on which it is constructed. Special nicety is applied to the formation of the furnaces, in order that the effluvia arising from the mercury and acids used in the process may be rendered less noxious—an important object, here very satisfactorily accomplished. Respecting the body of "ciseleurs," we were told that, in addition to the number employed on the premises, M. Deniere has in his pay about one hundred and fifty, for work executed at their own homes. One of the principal features of the establishment is the *Forge*. The processes of moulding and casting have been above described. We may mention that casting here takes place every half hour. The forge is surrounded by galleries, and occupation is found in this department for a hundred workmen.

When we mention that, in addition to such *materiel*, M. Deniere also gives play on the same premises to a steam-engine in the manufacture of silver spoons—that he is anxious in all his arrangements to attend to the due lighting and ventilation so necessary to the comfort of his workmen—and that he searches with diligence for the most admirable means by which *true design* can be made the adjunct of his manufacturing operations, the reader will form some adequate conception of the interest afforded to the visiter by the magnitude, liberality, and fine taste displayed in the conduct of his great establishment. His example forms, indeed, an excellent illustration of the success and fame which attend the combination of great practical sagacity with the high desire and the ability to achieve the union of Art and Manufacture.

Having thus introduced a general description of the means employed by M. Deniere, we shall now exhibit various sketches of objects manufactured under his direction, and make such brief comments on their design as may help to enforce the propriety of these commendations.

We first present to the notice of our readers a design which tends most thoroughly to confirm our expressions respecting the discrimination and taste of M. Deniere. It is a clock, composed of figures supporting a vase, of which one part moves as a revolving dial. The style is pure Renaissance, rich in detail, even to the serpent, which, twining among the flowers, designates the march of life—pregnant with meaning and interesting playful fancy. The elegance of the design declares itself at once, even in the wood-cut,—a result partly dependent on the play of line, the exquisite proportions, and the agreeable effect of light and shade. These are efforts of invention, which if our students in Somerset House were properly stimulated, would be rivalled if not surpassed; and we have yet to learn, that where the "elements" have been mastered, a little taxing of invention is injurious to the due exercise of other faculties!

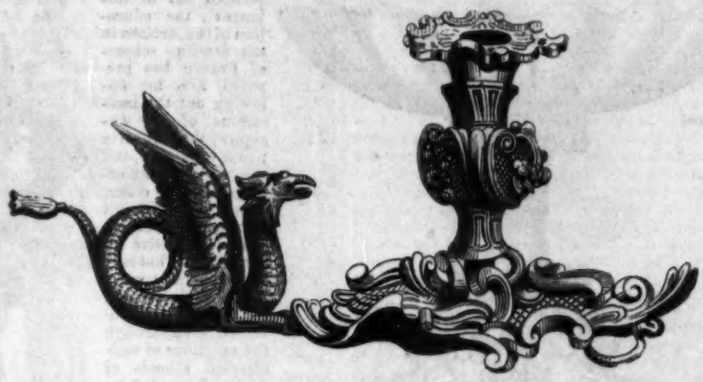


This is a pretty design for a dessert service. The child is sometimes bronze, sometimes gilded. The spreading cup of the salver above the head of the boy, the slender stem, and the twisted radicles of the base, are well conceived. In light and shade, as well as in the external lines of its composition, it is indeed a peculiarly happy hit, partaking, as it does, of the principles of construction of many beautiful plants.

There is, perhaps, no branch of industrial art which the French have more assiduously laboured to associate with Fine Art, than that which supplies objects for the dessert table. In England, also, this very desirable object has of late received much attention from our manufacturers: of whose decided improvement we have, from time to time, given conclusive examples.

Of the subjoined candlesticks, the lizard-stem presents graceful proportions, with an ugly base. The other, rocaille pattern, is not good in construction. But of the three, we prefer the example with the leopards and the ivy ornament running up the shaft, and terminating in a capital of goats' heads. Its wide base renders it firm and secure, (a matter of very essential importance) and consequently permits of more delicate and graceful dimensions in the tapering stem. We saw many specimens of this class.

The two following bed-chamber candlesticks are both very agreeable in the general forms of their composition. In the first, which is of rocaille pattern, the handle is happily conceived, but scarcely sufficiently approximated to the main object. The claws of the griffin would have been better if placed *on* the edge. The pattern of the candlestick is of common execution, which foils the excellence of the work.



Of the succeeding, though open to a degree of censure as to the original application of the idea, the approbation is less reserved. There might with advantage be more curve in the handle; but the whole composition is very graceful.

Perhaps among the whole collection of M. Deniere's models, design has not been applied with more success than in the various salvers, which we here present. They are intended to form parts of a dessert-service. The bowls consist of glass or porcelain, according to taste, and the handles and other ornaments are gilt or bronze. In the fifth, vine festooning is appropriately selected. The first cut represents the one most to our fancy. There is in it a unison of parts, a charming lightness of construction, and a graceful outline in every direction. The bolder portions of the ornament, where the chief members of the salver are bound together, are united with exquisite skill by lines that conduct the eye through meandering curves most agreeably. But though our simple diagram assists to give a due notion of the lines of this composition, it fails to convey any idea of the

The use of the study of *flowers* is carried to a great extent among the French designers. They are the sources of many of their brightest thoughts in ornament,—having been made familiar to the minds of the students, by careful copies from nature in the various Schools of Design. However contemptuously certain authorities of "classic" design may look down upon the humble flowers and climbing plants of our hedges and cottage gardens, we strongly recommend the student of design to follow the French in their search for the lessons of beauty supplied by Nature, and to endeavour to enrich his fancy with such images as they suggest. charm produced by the skill and taste with which every part is executed in the workmanship of the original by the hands of M. Deniere's *employés*.

It is in this that the French artizans are so unrivalled—the artistic feeling of the manipulation.

Much of the elegance consists in the union of porcelain or glass, with gilt or bronze ornament. In

the succeeding examples of salvers, for instance, the supporting portions of the structure are of metal, together with the ornamental festoons,

edges, and handles; while the bowls themselves, being of porcelain or glass, admit of great variety of adaptation in regard to form and colour. In

the chasing of the leaves and other constituents of the ornament, whether natural or conventional, the French set an admirable example to our own artificers, pursuing the dictates of artistic taste into minute details of the working of foliage. Herein of course, as we have often pointed out in this journal, the education of the *Artizan* in the drawing schools of France has prepared him for following out the indications of the *Designer*; the inventive power of the one, and the practical knowledge of the other, being thus brought into most harmonious and effective co-operation. What may we not expect when the *working power* of the English, now proverbial, shall, through the exertions of well-directed schools of design, be guided by a perception of the beauties which the higher intellect—the fancy—of thoroughly-educated designers will have set before them!

We see that wherever, in the Continental Schools of Art and Design, the general cultivation of taste has been looked to mainly as the stimulus to the progress of Industrial Art, arrangements have been made which facilitated the study of design, and familiarity with the best works of ancient days, on the part of mere workmen; while the most extended point of the scale of artistic acquirements, was held up to those, to whom the power of producing original works may have offered the means of relinquishing wholly or in part, their original mechanical occupation. It is this constant fusion of the objects of general life with the pursuits of art, that induces such wide-spread recognition of its practical value; and thus every individual capacity readily discovers the degree which is most suited to its own exertions. Thus, as in Paris, every condition of a particular branch of industry becomes *duly served*, and while *six thousand workmen* are employed by the bronzists alone, a select body of four hundred persons carry on the art-operations, from the humblest effort to the highest amount of modelling power—whose works are again perfected in the bronze by the educated perception and skilful hand of one thousand two hundred gravers or chasers of metal. To appreciate fully the consequences of this, it must ever be carefully borne in mind that in this department—the working of metallic designs—the difficulty or impossibility of restoring what is once cut away, calls for a knowledge of the exact point at which the mechanical clearing of the artist's work should cease. Otherwise, mere "surface" will take the place of higher feeling, and a design full of

valuable conception will be frittered away into a mawkish piece of furniture—just as the best drama may be spoilt in the acting!

Of the accompanying examples of handles the design is ingenious. In the lower part the head forms an effective base, with which the other parts are combined by means of well-arranged lines.

The annexed is a very agreeable use of the form of the dolphin. The twisted tail constitutes a good support, and the round mass of the head incorporates well with the bulk of the pedestal.

This is the corner of a pedestal to a centre-piece for a dinner service. It forms a support to the female figure holding a serpent, represented on

the other block. The ornament looks rather heavy and clumsy in its detached condition, but this disappears on its junction with the weight it is designed to bear.

The perfection of the modelling and working of the figure is an important ingredient in such a piece of construction, so that a small diagram can only barely give the bearing of the lines. But the art-power engaged by M. Deniere always insures the most thorough execution of the human form, at least as to proportion and general truth of outline. The ability to design the human figure being a very widely-spread accomplishment among the *chasers* of Paris, the mere handiwork reflects at once the knowledge by which it was influenced. In some of the Parisian bronzes, it is true, the effort at surface, indeed, is allowed to forego the sufficiency of detail, and the markings of the body are too much slurred over. This, however, is an error rather of taste than of power; and may be easily avoided.

This handle to a vase is light and graceful; the accompanying diagram is adequate only to exhibit the general play of lines.

A supporting angle from a slab, agreeable in form and appropriate to its purpose.

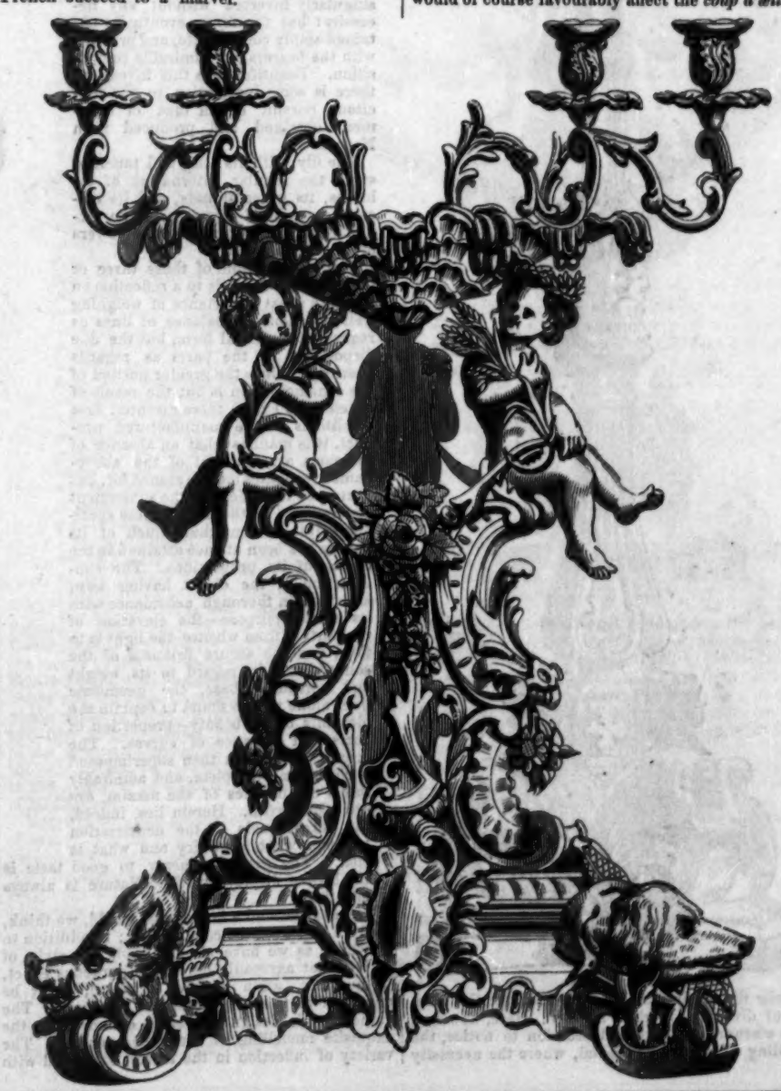
Another corner-piece, the application of which is well contrived, the wings affording ready means of attachment. The general sigmoid curve also is elegant.

With this and the succeeding example we close the list of these bracket-like forms, which in the hands of M. Deniere are made applicable in a diversity of instances,—a method by which the enterprising manufacturer is enabled to repay himself for the vast original outlay in designs.

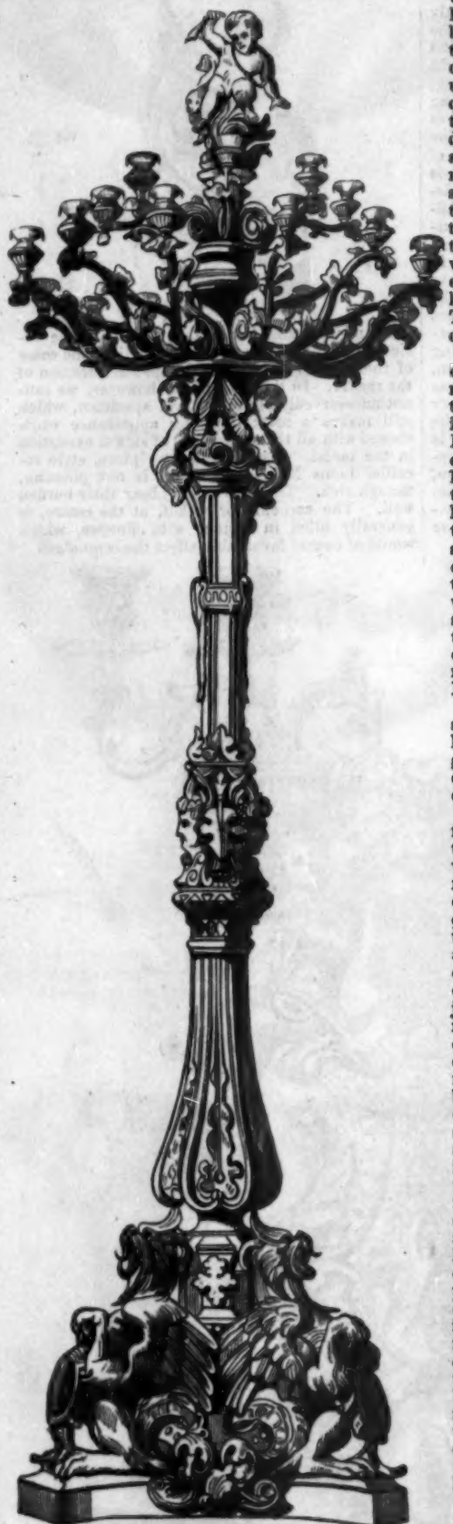
The following is a borrowed design, but its adaptation is made with ingenious reference to a new purpose. Not only is it good in the waving line of its profile, but the light and shade is strong, the deep cutting between the leaves giving great value to the modelling of the figure. There is much of effect dependent on the skilful contrast of surface by such expedients, especially in the material we have here in view, and the French modellers are peculiarly dexterous in availing themselves of them, and of other means of producing variety of *texture* in the bronze. Wherever is required that sharpness of execution, which arises from an intimate and exact knowledge of the thing to be represented, the French succeed to a marvel.

Here the figure unites well with the ornamental spirals that spring from its foliated extremity

Chandeliers and Candelabra offer immense variety of design in the Deniere collection, and some of these forms will attract the special attention of the reader. In this select list, however, we cannot unreservedly place the first specimen, which still makes a most imposing appearance when viewed with all the advantages of skilful execution in the metal. It is a gilt centre piece, style rocaille, Louis XV. The result is not pleasing, though rich. The boys do not bear their burden well. The corbeille, or basket, at the centre, is generally filled in France with flowers, which would of course favourably affect the *coup d'œil*.



This candelabrum is characterised by very great elegance of form. The continuity of essential lines throughout its shaft is well preserved,



while the uniting knots of ornament at the different divisions interlace happily. Here, however, as elsewere we have had occasion to notice, the falling off is in the pedestal, where the necessity of obtaining bulk, in order to counterbalance the spreading of the branches, would appear to have been a stumbling block to the artist; for the griffins here are not only grotesque, they are ungainly — a consequence which is opposed to the true objects of design in any style, and will never be a likely result where the designer seeks the proprieties of combination in the study of the structure of the animals, whose forms invention essays to delineate. This, however, *en passant*. The general effect is captivating.

The following table candelabrum has a white marble pedestal, with the other portions either in bronze or gilded.—Here again, with the exception of the altar-like base, which oddly consorts with the natural ornamentation above, we have every praise to bestow. It is true, that the growth of the lily has been singularly inverted without any necessity: but the forms eventually obtained amply compensate, and present, with the bearers, an admirable composition. Beautiful as is this invention, there is some inattention to the felicitous pursuit of an idea of ornament obtained and produced from Nature.

The lily, with its long and tapering stem, the regular alternation of its leaves, its graceful buds, and its elegant coronal of blossoms, is an exquisite type for exercising the powers of an ornamentist.

The examination of these three or four candelabra leads to a reflection on the very great importance of weighing well not alone the balance of lines as regards the general form, but the due disposition of the parts as regards *quantity*. Since the greater portion of the ornamentation is but the result of an effort to enrich these essential first conditions of the manufactured product, it is manifest that an absence of judicious arrangement of the above-named requisites may be atoned for, but cannot be remedied, in the subsequent decoration. In the first of these specimens it is evident that much of its beauty has been at once attained in the choice of its proportions. The construction of the object having been arranged in thorough accordance with its special purpose—the elevation of the portion from whence the light is to flow, and the secure firmness of the candelabrum in regard to its weight and spreading base, the geometric lines alone will be found to contain the elements of its beauty—proportion of parts and elegance of curves. The ornament which is then superimposed is chaste and complete, and admirably fulfils the dictates of the maxim, *ars est celare artem*. Herein lies, indeed, the surest guide to the demarcation between what is tawdry and what is rich. The greatest enemy to good taste is the love of display: truth to Nature is always effective.

In the second a larger *base* would, we think, have improved the composition; in addition to which, as we have already said, the style of it is not agreeable here. Its gorgeous effect, however, when worked in metal, must be apparent to the imagination of every one. The value of this design is greatly enhanced by the exquisite modelling of the upper portion. The variety of inflection in the leaves, combined with

the different states af the flower, from the closed bud to the full blossom, engage the attention by the working of the parts as much as they please the eye by their general association.

The third and fourth specimens present a faultless series of arrangements, whether viewed in reference to the balance of their masses or the union of beauty in the prevailing shapes with exquisite design and execution of all the subordinate parts. It will be seen that our specimens are selected chiefly from those which represent natural objects: the variety of subjects is immense.

Here again is an appeal to the floral world, with a result full of richness of effect and beauty of composition.

The above cut, indeed, presents a design of no small beauty the separate portions of which unite distinctness of purpose with harmony of idea and gracefulness of general outline. The truncated column, the Bacchic figure, and the cornucopia from whence the rich flowerets branch out, make an admirable grouping.

The pedestal of white marble forms, by its weight, a useful counterpoise to the branches that complete this beautiful inverted pyramid. The effect of the light when shed from above must be charming.

The ornaments are bronze, or gilt, the figure also is made to vary in size; and then, with a variation of the pedestal, new combinations are made, which repay the careful selection and liberal remuneration of artistic skill adopted in the first instance. Thus, while reproduction is carried to a great extent, the perfection of the parts of the design ensures an artistic interest in all the phases of re-combination.

The six-branched chandelier presents, on the opposite side, an example of pure renaissance; it forms a pendant to the clock with revolving dial, and is, like that, complete in its idea and execution. We greatly admire this design, which perfectly unites consistency of purpose with beauty of arrangement and ingenuity of detail.

In remembering the statistics we have given of the bronze manufacture in Paris, the number of persons it employs, the quantity of thought it educes, and the amount of pleasure it diffuses, as proved by the avidity with which its products are bought throughout Europe, it can scarcely fail to occur to the English manufacturer how important an aid Art can bring to his Capital; while the general reader will rejoice in the means indicated, whereby the mind of man becomes the source of good to his fellows—as fruitful in the satisfaction of their bodily wants as it is conducive to the refinement of ideas and energy of character. Such pursuits, indeed, as we have seen are required for the due elimination of the works in bronze constitute no unimportant share of that practical national education which is effected *out* of schools, but which has been thoroughly originated within them. Let our rulers, therefore, regard the Schools of Design with this enlarged view, not merely as ministrants to a proved requirement of the national commerce, but as a constant source of that enlightenment in Art, which seldom rests content with first acquirements, but is led, step by step, from a boyish satisfaction with early efforts to a higher and higher appreciation of the excellence of others and the faults of self: hence to that source of good — the desire to do better. It is not to be supposed that of this great body of *employés*, in one branch of French commerce alone, the greater part are insensible to the beauties which delight the minds of others! On the contrary, we hope we have shown that it is by the gradation of artistic thought, and, consequently, with a share of the pleasure of artistic production, that such great results have been procured; and, therefore, that the happiness attendant on the filling of "the pocket" has gone hand in hand with another feeling of a more elevated kind. It is by such means that capitalist and producer labour with the best effects, and the morale of the community is contributed to, no less than the public wealth.

Neither should it be forgotten that in France all these exertions of individuals would be an unproductive focus of artistic power, had not the public taste been enlightened and purified by the exhibitions in the public institutions, freely opened to the people—by the works in the churches—the decoration of the theatres—and the numberless productions of the chisel and the forge that ornament the streets and public walks of Paris. Without the purchaser, the producer might possess his faculties in vain; of the fortunate combination of the love of art in the two parties, we have witnessed a grand result in the existence of such an establishment as that of M. Deniere.

Not without a paramount reference to this means of causing the improvement of public taste, have we invariably seized upon every occasion to urge upon the authorities the utmost freedom and enlargement of the national collections. The cheaper admission to our exhibitions of pictures, and the general encouragement of art, have also been our themes whenever we have dwelt on the surest sources of aiding commercial energies by the influence of Design. Hence the vast importance, in this point of view, of the most critical surveillance of every work of art to be erected in a conspicuous public place. Every bad statue, carelessly left to occupy some distinguished locale is a constant inculcation of impure taste in design, for where the few examine and condemn, the thousands are inveigled into ignorant and unreflective admiration.

The object of this Journal, is to stir up, as far as its influence extends, a generous rivalry among our own Manufacturers. When we speak of the wide-spread operations of such a manufactory as that of M. Deniere and others in the same metropolis, our commendations must be viewed not

alone in the light of a warm tribute to the enterprise, skill, sagacity, and taste of foreign Manufacturers; but as an earnest hint to the capitalist on this side of the Channel, "go thou, and do likewise." As was well observed in a recent lecture by Mr. Wallis,—let manufacturers *try* the productive powers of Art, and they will find they have worked a mine of wealth, and "that brain-labour herein is as profitable to its employer as an investment in railways." To those who have had the taste to lead the way in this National enterprise—and we have endeavoured to point them out,—all honour is due. The pages of this Journal are always open to the record of every proof of further success.

And here, want of space compels us to close this account with a willing homage to M.M. Deniere, who have known so well how to unite the invention of the artist with the skill of the artificer. We have no doubt that this report will have the effect of inducing many Englishmen who enjoy wealth and possess taste to visit their establishment; and we are quite sure that in no instance will disappointment follow.

LEONORA.

FROM THE BALLAD OF BÜRGER.

Drawn by D. Maclise, R.A. Engraved by J. Thompson.

The above engraving on wood, is one of a series just published by Messrs. Longman, to illustrate a new translation of the famous Ballad of Bürger; a ballad rendered familiar to all English readers by Sir Walter Scott, Taylor of Norwich, and other distinguished poets and scholars. The translation at present under notice, is by Miss Julia M. Cameron—and if less essentially poetic than some of its predecessors, it is, at all events, more faithful: but little of the spirit of the original is lost; the versification is at once smooth and vigorous; and, if we may not go so far as to class it among important acquisitions to our literature, it may be safely described as an accession of value. The illustrations are from the pencil of Maclise: the book is produced in small quarto; the artist has, therefore, been allowed space for the exercise of his fancy; and although the actual pictures are but six in number, every page of the forty, of which the volume consists, contains an engraved border—novel, tasteful, and beautiful. The subjects selected by Maclise, are—Leonora waking from her dream; Leonora watching in vain for her lover among the home-come warriors; Leonora "raving against God," the mother praying for pity on her erring child; the arrival of her lover on his dæmon-steed at the door; the flight, accompanied by troops of spirits; the discovery of the fiend and the death of Leonora. The prints have all been engraved by Mr. J. Thompson—who continues, notwithstanding hosts of competitors, to rank at the head of English engravers on wood. They are unquestionably among the finest examples of the art that has been produced in this country. The genius of Maclise has been almost of necessity led to adopt the style of Germany in this effort at illustrating a German Ballad; but although, as may be expected, he reminds us of works we have previously seen, and his treatment of the poet is deficient in striking originality, we find no evidence of borrowed thought, either in conception of character or the consideration given to minor details. There are, no doubt, themes where his fine mind and brilliant fancy would have been more "at home;" but he can touch nothing without supplying proof of rare intellectual power.

The book is beautifully got up: the binding being in cloth, embellished, we imagine, by means of coloured wood-blocks—a process novel and exceedingly effective.

Altogether, the volume is a beautiful and valuable addition to our "Season Books;" it is another contribution to illustrated literature, by an artist of high genius; and another proof that all our best painters do not consider themselves unworthily employed when ministering to the instruction and enjoyment of the many.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Howard is, at the age of seventy-eight, about retire from the "active duties" of his position as Secretary to the Royal Academy; we cannot describe this arrangement as in any degree a loss to the Royal Academy, the profession, or the public; although, from his advanced age and long services, he is undoubtedly entitled to high consideration and respect.

On the 20th of January, J. P. Knight, Esq., was elected "Deputy Secretary"; and there can be no doubt that, in due course, he will be Mr. Howard's successor in the most important office of Secretary. This appointment cannot fail to give general satisfaction; Mr. Knight is not only an artist of high ability and wide repute: he is a gentleman of great energy and activity, and of business habits—so rarely the accompaniment of talent. We trust, also, to find that he is one of those members who, not being wedded to ancient habits and prejudices, can see the necessity for such "reforms" in the Academy as may strengthen its position, augment its power, and increase its utility. He will have the means of rendering great service to the profession and to the public as well as to the body of which he becomes the "mouthpiece": let us earnestly hope—as we may indeed confidently anticipate — the WILL may not be wanting. A better choice could not have been made.

MR. HARDING and MR. STONE have both retired from the Society of Painters in Water Colours; they are both candidates for election into the Royal Academy; and, as that Society demands as a qualification for membership that the candidate shall be connected with no other Society in London, they have been compelled to resign membership of the one to become eligible for membership of the other. We may have our own opinion as to the wisdom of this course; there is an old adage which tells us not to throw away muddied water until we are quite sure we can obtain pure; and Messrs. Harding and Stone (excellent gentlemen and accomplished artists though they be) may have to wait long for their reward for desertion of the colleagues of their up-hill course. But this question concerns merely themselves; not so the principle involved: it may be politic—possibly just—in the Royal Academy to refuse copartnership with an artist, part of whose interest m[illegible]estowed elsewhere; but it is manifestly unju[illegible] and grossly absurd to rule, that, as long as such artist is a member of another Society, he shall be deemed ineligible even for proposal for admission into the Royal Academy; surely, it would answer all right purposes to require that, if elected, he shall retire from such other Society previous to his diploma being signed. This is one of the laws of the Royal Academy that had its origin in a dark age; to continue it is a discredit and a degradation. It might have been accounted for—though even then hardly excusable—when two rival Societies were pitted against each other, and each hated the other—the one imagining it could succeed only by the other's ruin; but in these days of greater enlightenment and liberality, the love of Art, and desire to see it prosper everywhere, should displace such miserably contracted views. The Society of Painters in Water Colours will suffer materially by the loss of two of its most efficient members; what will be the gain to the Royal Academy?—especially, what will be the gain to the public and to Art?

THE REV. HUGH STOWELL, a distinguished opponent of the Roman Catholics, has, we perceive, been bringing Art to the aid of the cause he advocates: he has been lecturing at Manchester against "Popery," taking for his text Mr. Herbert's painting of the memorable 'Acquittal of the Seven Bishops'—an event which consummated the Reformation in England. It is no part of our duty to discuss religious topics in our columns; but we record this fact as one of a very singular nature; according to the reverend lecturer, Mr. Herbert has commemorated in a manner that does him high honour, the great victory of Protestantism over "Popery"; and given a powerful weapon to those who consider the creed of the Roman Catholics prejudicial to a people and dangerous to a state: laying such advocates as the Rev. Hugh Stowell, under infinite obligations while humbling those to whom the reverend gentleman is so fervently—we may add, so bitterly, although no doubt honestly—opposed. We do not imagine that Mr. Herbert intended to furnish the reverend lecturer with a weapon so powerful for his purpose; but the same artist will be thanked for similar obligations by other reverend gentlemen. His picture of the martyrs, 'Ridley and Latimer, in Prison, prior to their being burnt at Smithfield,' of which an engraving is published by Ackermann, and the famous contest for liberty of conscience at Westminster, will no doubt become themes of lectures, where the design is to exhibit how much controversy may be aided by Art, especially where the artist and the lecturer are both "terribly in earnest."

THE PICTURE OF 'TARQUIN AND LUCRETIA,' by Titian, rejected by the Trustees of the National Gallery on its first arrival in England, has been the subject of much controversy—as to the propriety of exposing to public gaze a work, confessedly of High Art in execution, but of a depraved character in subject. It is too notoriously true, that the great Venetian pandered to the impure feelings of licentiousness, in more than one instance, by the display of female form, achieved with the most consummate skill. These aberrations are usually concealed in privacy, and valued only for their artistic excellence—mingled always with regret. To place such a picture as the 'Tarquin and Lucretia' in the public Gallery of the British Empire would be nothing less than an act of gross delinquency. The picture was possessed by Charles I., and included in the purchase he made of the gallery of the Duke of Mantua. At the dispersion of the King's pictures by the Commonwealth it found its way into the collection of Monsieur Jabach, of Paris, who afterwards parted with the whole of his pictures to the King of France. Here it remained unseen in the cellars of the Louvre for upwards of a century: the feelings of propriety and decency on the part of the French authorities, charged with the care of the public works of Art, never having suffered it to be hung on the walls of *their* National Gallery. It appears to have been withdrawn from its hiding-place by Joseph Bonaparte, but how, and under what circumstances, may be easily guessed. After his death it was offered for sale in England by Messrs. Christie and Manson, and at public auction was bought in at 1050 guineas. Subsequently it was purchased by the dealer Niewenhuys, who disposed of it to Mr. Coningham, in whose possession it now remains. This gentleman is said to have obtained it for an amount of 2000 guineas in the way of exchange for other pictures, perhaps with the addition of a sum of money. That is but of little moment, and, although "Verax" makes the non-purchase of the 'Tarquin and Lucretia' the principal ground of his attacks on the Gallery, it is believed that he does so without any authority from Mr. Coningham, who has neither offered it to the Trustees of the National Gallery since he possessed it, nor, perhaps, has he any inclination to disembarrass himself of the acquirement.

ART IN ASSOCIATION WITH MUSIC.—We have more than once had occasion to notice the marked improvements introduced into music publications, by intrusting their decorations to skilful artists; we have recently met with a case of even more than the ordinary merit; a song entitled "A Carol for the New Year," the title-page of which is drawn in outline by a Mr. Charles F. Desanges—a name we never encountered previously, although, if we do not greatly mistake, we shall often meet it hereafter. Its merits are of a very high order: the composition is singularly fine: it is full of positive eloquence; and the drawing is masterly. Old Time is represented pointing, as the world goes round, to the hour-glass, from which the sand is beginning to descend; while sylphs are hymning the in-coming of the year; at the base of the picture figures are mourning over the hourglass shattered. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the elegance and high feeling with which a trite subject has been treated. The design, humble as its purpose is, and commonplace though its application may be, is a happy effort of genius. It is pleasant to add that the picture is associated with words not unworthy so admirable an illustration.

THE COUNCIL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS have offered a small premium—five guineas—"for the best original pattern of a paper-hanging for an ordinary sitting-room, to be printed with not exceeding four blocks." This appears to be the only invitation of the Society to Designers for Industrial Art; from which we cannot augur that any attempts are contemplated to promote the interests of British Manufactures: an evil greatly to be deplored; but not so great as that which last year allotted prizes to an imitation of a French jug, by no means so good as the original, and a tea-service of the worst possible character, which we find advertised with all the prestige derivable from the solemnity of the Society's distinction.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The half-yearly meeting of the Council of this admirable Institution, for the relief of applicants, took place on January 7; when twenty-nine cases were taken into consideration and relieved by grants amounting to £320: the whole amount of funds at the the disposal of the Council, but affording as it did very inadequate relief to the numerous claims and high talent of many of the applicants. It was stated that £680 had been distributed during the past year; and also arranged that the annual dinner in aid of the funds should take place on Saturday, March 27, next, on which occasion we hope both artists and the patrons of Art will lend their aid to this excellent and important Institution, by which so much good has been already effected—soothing many an aching heart when consolation is most needed.

BRITISH ARTISTS.—In the course of the past month, a private "House Dinner," similar to those to Mons. Guizot and other distinguished men, was given by Mr. Vernon to fifteen of the principal Royal Academicians and eminent scientific men, members of the Athenæum Club. The dinner was served in the best style by the *chef* of that establishment, and gave entire satisfaction. We are glad to see such respect paid in a Society instituted for the promotion of Science, Literature, and Art, to those whose works or high attainments render it a matter of becoming pride to belong to it as members. It fosters and strengthens opinion, and opinion is the government of the world. It is the schoolmaster who Lord Brougham told us, some time since, was "abroad"! and who, in the indulgence apparently of this rambling propensity, is very apt to neglect the genius struggling or piercing through the apathy of his own land. Contemporary opinion is in truth not fame, nor should be mistaken for it; but it is a great incentive, and its respect is a good example. To show an honourable regard for men who have won it from you by the greatness of their actions or the gifted genius of their works—and this in their lifetime, whilst the intellect can dwell upon, and the heart thrill with becoming pride at, the accents of well-earned praise—is infinitely better, in our way of thinking, than a long epitaph in London Latin, on monuments of very questionable taste, of a very questionable size, placed in very questionable positions and situations, after death.

NEW ACQUISITION OF MURILLO.—We are informed that Mr. Buchanan has succeeded in making the purchase of one of the most capital pictures in Europe, for an English gentleman—we understand it to be for George Tomline, Esq., M.P. The picture in question is the far-famed subject called 'Le Paralitique,' by Murillo, known also by the title of 'The Pool of Bethesda.' This picture has always been considered as the *capo d'opera* of the celebrated collection of his Excellency the Maréchal Soult, and is one of a series of eight great pictures painted by Murillo for the Church of the Hospital de la Caridad, at Seville. The composition consists of five principal figures, rather larger than life, of which the central one of Christ is full of dignity and expression; in sublimity of conception it is equal to the finest works of Ludovico Caracci, while in colouring it transcends every performance of the Bolognese school. The middle space is filled with numerous smaller figures so beautifully balanced by the most delicious tints that the harmony of the whole displays perfect mastery of Art. It has always been considered in Spain the first work of painting of the Spanish school, and in this country is only equalled in importance by 'The Raising of Lazarus' of S. del Piombo; while in condition the picture of Murillo is in the most perfect preservation and lustre of colour. Two other magnificent pictures, forming part of the same series, are in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland. We congratulate the country on this important acquisition; and the thanks of every lover of High Art are fully due to Mr. Buchanan

for this fresh proof of his patriotic enterprise by the importation of a picture which, in the emphatic words of Maréchal Soult, "Vaut seul une province."

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Sir John Jervis, the Attorney-General, has been added to the Committee of this Society, in the room of George Morant, Esq., deceased. Although we do not understand that the learned gentleman is in any other way associated with Art, there are many reasons why this selection may be advantageous. A subject of much interest is under consideration: the Society has it in contemplation to produce a Book with illustrations on wood, designed by many leading British artists, and engraved by our best wood-engravers. This would be a boon of great value, and we cordially hope the project will be carried out: independent of other considerations, it would very materially aid our engravers on wood—giving them an opportunity to show what they can do, when properly patronised; and we feel sure they would do their duty better than the line engravers have done theirs. Our artists in this department are second to no others in Europe: they need only drawings of a high order to produce engravings of a high order. We believe the Committee could devise no plan so likely to promote the interests of British Art, or to give greater satisfaction to their subscribers. The volume to be illustrated is not, we believe, determined. We would suggest to them Sir Martin Shee's "Rhymes on Art," and have no doubt the permission of the venerable President may be readily obtained.

ENGRAVINGS AFTER ARY SCHEFFER.—It is stated in "The Athenæum" that Mr. Grundy, the respected printseller, of Manchester, is about to publish engravings after two of Scheffer's most famous works. This is a mistake: the publishers are Goupel et Vibert, of Paris; and their agents in London are Gambart, Junin, and Co.

ETON COLLEGE.—The collection of busts in the upper schoolroom of this establishment has received an addition through the liberality of Col. Reid, M.P., who has deposited therein a copy of the bust of George III., which was executed by Bacon, and is now in the possession of her Majesty. Mr. Woodington has made a faithful copy of the original. Mr. Behnes is employed on the busts of Lords Chatham, Howe, and Camden, which are intended for the same destination.

MR. BARRY, R.A., has recently been elected Associate of the Royal Academy of Belgium.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—At a meeting held at the Gallery, 58, Pall-mall, the annual election of officers took place, when Mr. Warren was re-elected President, Mr. Duncan Vice-President and Treasurer, and Mr. Fahey unanimously re-elected Secretary.

HAMPSTEAD CONVERSAZIONE.—There is no better evidence of the growth of an improved taste, and an increasing love of Art, among us, than the progress which these rational and intellectual enjoyments are now making. A most interesting meeting of this character was held on the 11th of last month at Hampstead; it was very numerously and respectably attended, and gave infinite pleasure to all who were present. It appears that through the kindness of Messrs. Colnaghi, Gruner, Morant, and others, this Society is in possession of an excellent collection of prints after Raffaelle; and on this occasion Mr. Cockerell, R.A., delivered an admirable notice of the life and works of the great painter. The process of lithotint and illuminated or chromographic printing was explained and practically illustrated, by drawings being made and worked off in the room; and various other matters connected with the production of works of Art were discussed during the evening. We see no reason whatever why such meetings should not be as universal as reading-rooms and literary institutions; they ought, indeed, to be incorporated with societies of this description; thousands would thereby be taught not only *what* to admire, but *why* to admire, and a pure taste would grow out of increasing knowledge.

MAP OF THE RAILWAYS.—We have received an early impression of a new map of England and Wales, exhibiting all the railways completed or in progress—the production of Mr. Joseph Hall, to whose works in this department of Art we have had more than one occasion to refer, as of high merit and great excellence in arrangement and execution. The leading features in the map before us—and those in which consist its superiority over all predecessors—are in the general *clearness* of style, neatness of engraving, and facility of examination, for the express purpose in view. The coasts are carefuly laid down from the Admiralty charts:—the lighthouses being indicated; and the sailing tracks to all important parts of the world are computed and stated. Altogether, this publication will be an acquisition of no ordinary value to the traveller.

BERKELEY *v.* EDMONDSON.—In this case, which is one calling for strong comment, the plaintiff was described as a distinguished artist, although a military officer, who had made a valuable discovery in the art of painting, which consisted in applying the colour in a dry state to the canvas, and rubbing it on with varnish. He had advertised his discovery in the newspapers, and offered to teach it for £300 to any one, who would, after half a year's instruction, be enabled to make a fortune. The defendant had a son who had some taste for drawing, and he agreed to send him down to Captain Berkeley, at Exeter, to learn this art, and gave him £150, and a bill at three months for £150 more, which was renewed for three months farther. It was upon this latter bill the action was brought. The plaintiff had high testimonials, and had received a gold medal from the Scottish Society of Arts for a paper which he had written on the subject. It was contended for the plaintiff—that the defendant had been imposed upon, that the invention was not his, but had been long known. It was deposed to, by artists, that the plaintiff was not the inventor of this method of painting, and that his drawings were "out of date." The Secretary of the Scottish Society of Arts said that the medal sent to Captain Berkeley was silver, with a suitable inscription, which, however, did not suit his views, so he begged to have, and obtained, another plain silver medal without any inscription, and kept both.—A young gentleman, who had been a pupil of the plaintiff, said he had endeavoured to establish himself in the practice of this discovery, but had not been able during two years to realize more than £20 by teaching it.—After the Lord Chief Justice had summed up and commented on the evidence, the jury found a verdict for the defendant in accordance with the spirit of his Lordship's observations.—There can be no sympathy in the disappointments of those who will blindly patronise that kind of empiricism which sets at nought everything like reason and common sense. The sum agreed to be paid in this case would have articled the youth to a respectable artist, who would have legitimately instructed him in his profession. But it appeared in evidence that many others had shared the benefits of this secret; and they all must know that, to one acquainted with the practice of painting, there is no trick of art unknown, and no secret the principle and execution of which could not be described and demonstrated in ten minutes. If this secret had been of any value, the possessor described as a "distinguished artist" would have been the first to avail himself of it, instead of distributing fortunes to others.

THE LOVERS OF FINE PRINTS will shortly be gratified by the publication of some engravings of high class. Mr. Buchanan, whose long services in the Fine Arts are so well known, is the possessor of several copperplates, engraved by some of the first artists of Italy, after celebrated pictures which were the great gems of Prince Lucien Bonaparte's Gallery. The Prince had them executed for his own private distribution, and but few copies were taken off, which were presented to friends. Since the demise of the Prince, his widow, the Princess de Canino, has transferred several of the most important to the above gentleman, which he is about to offer to the public. The plates are of a noble size; and, having never been published, will come upon us as an agreeable and refreshing surprise. There are three plates engraved by Pietro Bettelini: one is after Nicholas Poussin's classic picture of 'The Murder of the Innocents,' now in Mr. Buchanan's possession; another is after the 'Sonno del Bambino" of Raffaelle, formerly belonging to Mr. Coesvelt, and now possessed by the Emperor of Russia; the third is 'La Vierge aux Candélabres,' which passed from Prince Lucien to the Queen of Etruria, afterwards to the Duke of Lucca, and is now possessed by Mr. Munro, of Park-street. There is an inferior engraving of this subject, by Bridoux, in which the angels are omitted; but this fine print by the best pupil of Raphael Morghen is so admirably executed that it cannot fail to be esteemed as it deserves. Two large upright prints, after the famous Giustiniani Caracci, now possessed by Mr. Buchanan, are respectively engraved by G. Folo and P. Fontana. 'The Crucifixion,' after the picture by Michael Angelo, now in the collection of Lord Ashburnham, engraved by G. Folo, and 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' after Julio Romano, engraved by Antonio Ricciani, complete the seven plates, which will soon engage the attention of all amateurs of this class of Art.

THE BOUDROUM MARBLES.—We announced some time since the embarkation of these relics. They are now deposited in the British Museum, being, in all, seventeen pieces, arranged round the Phigalian-room, on the floor; and many of the figures bear a striking resemblance to some of those by which they are surrounded, but they are all so unfortunately mutilated that it is necessary to consider them very carefully to make out even the composition. Boudroum is the ancient Halicarnassus, the birthplace of Herodotus, Dionysius, and Heraclitus; and these marbles are presumed to have been a portion of the ornament of the famous tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, which was yet in existence in the twelfth century, and which, indeed, was finally destroyed only in the sixteenth century, by the Knights of Rhodes, who employed these sculptures in repairing or constructing a fort into the walls of which they were built, and remained until permission was obtained, through the British Minister at Constantinople, for their removal to this country. The subject, a favourite one with the Greek sculptors, is a combat between Amasons and warriors.

STATUE OF MRS. SIDDONS.—The model of a full-length marble statue, about to be placed in Westminster Abbey in memory of Mrs. Siddons, has just been completed by Mr. Campbell, at whose studio, in Great Marlborough-street, it is to be seen. In order that it may sympathize with the character of its destined site, a grave simplicity is the feeling which has been exclusively consulted in the design. The figure is upright, standing seven feet, in an attitude of much ease, having the hands brought together in front, and corresponding with the repose of the rest of the composition. A veil falls from the head on the shoulders, and the other draperies are distinguished by much breadth and simplicity. There are in the Abbey few places left to light to sufficient advantage a figure like this; it is, however, to be hoped that the light will be such as to show the features, which bear a striking resemblance to the extant portraits of Mrs. Siddons. The monument first proposed was a half-figure in *bas-relief*; but the proposed erection of this has been abandoned, and the statue will be substituted. The work is executed by subscription, and at the head of the list stands the name of Mr. Macready; to whose exertions, indeed, the production is mainly owing.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, it is said, are about to revive their ancient custom of exhibiting pictures in their great room. "They propose to make, once in the year, a collection of the works of some eminent *living* painter,—to charge for admission to the exhibition,—and to apply the profits to giving a commission for a picture to the painter whose works are exhibited, to be presented to the nation, so as to form the *nucleus* of a Gallery of British Art."

MR. EASTLAKE.—It is stated that Mr. Eastlake has resigned his office at the National Gallery. We believe the rumour to be without foundation; although, at a late period of the month, we cannot give it contradiction or authority. The act would be treason to the public and to himself. Independent of other and higher considerations, in his case, the assailants have been opposed almost unanimously by the Press, by all whose opinions are valuble in the Profession, and by the most sensible and experienced of the connoisseurs. His character—in all respects as a gentleman of integrity, ability, and experience—stands high among the highest. He may well treat with indifference, or contempt, the assaults of ignorance, malice, or selfishness.

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.—It is understood that the picture, designed to compete for the prize of £1000, must be "sent in" before the end of March.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION will open as usual on the first Monday of February.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. By JOHN C. BOURNE. Published by DAVID BOGUE, Fleet-street.

This large and elaborate work is brought forward in a manner well worthy of the subject. The history of such a railway as the Great Western, produced in the form of the heavy folio volume before us, is an enterprise of a very serious and important kind—serious as regards expense in what is not intended as a work for all readers; and important in regard to the varied talent employed in its production—for this history, besides being abundantly interspersed with large folio lithograph plates of a very high order of excellence, on India paper, comprehends the geology of the districts through which the line passes, a description of antiquities, a geological map, plans, sections, and every necessary illustration, many, of course, architectural and utilitarian rather than picturesque. By means of these valuable aids the work proposes to the reader all that kind of information which, as a traveller on the line, he might desire to possess. In a well-written introduction, the generation of steam power and its application to railways is treated. The whole of this section of the work might have been spared, since the principle of steam and its apparatus are now so commonly understood, and there is a preponderating interest in the geology and antiquities of the line. The geological formations traversed by this railway are numerous and varied, insomuch as to render it in this respect more interesting, and perhaps better adapted for the acquisition of geological knowledge, than any other we have.

The plates are not less than fifty-four in number, all beautifully lithographed, and all treated with masterly feeling. Among the first of the series is the Slough and Windsor Station on the occasion of an arrival of the Royal Family. The bridge over the Thames at Maidenhead is the subject of another plate, in which the objects compose with admirable effect: the water in this drawing is most successful in its transparency. After passing Sonning cutting and Pangbourn station, we come to another bridge over the Thames at Basildon—a bright and sunny landscape, in which the water is as well represented as in the former. At Chippenham the line passes, by a bridge, over the entrance to the town; in the simple material there is little for the pencil, but the artist has covered the foreground with cattle and figures in a manner to give life and interest to the composition. The 'View from above the Box Tunnel' carries the eye over a country of varied and picturesque beauty; the materials are such as would paint extremely well. The view is taken from Hazlebury-hill, through which the tunnel passes. The foreground is broken, being part of a quarry in the great oolite. The quarries in this hill are extremely curious: a shaft is sunk through the finest marble and rubble beds, and the excavation is then carried in every direction; the chambers are sometimes of great extent, and from twenty to twenty-five feet in height. The plate entitled 'Bathford Bridge' is beautifully effective; indeed, to the whole of these plates is communicated a highly-judicious artistic treatment by which their interest and value are much enhanced. 'Bath Hampton' is rather a representation of a village-green with everything about it poetically hoary, than a railway scene; the rails are only perceptible in a nook of the picture. In the environs of the city of Bath the most is made of the picturesque materials which have supplied subject-matter for so many pictures. There is the fine view on approaching the city—St. James's Bridge and Station, Twerton, &c. &c. Leaving Bath, we arrive at Bristol, which is the centre of an important geological district. Its rocks include formations from the silurian limestone upwards to the Bath oolite; more than one example of the "trap," or rocks out of the regular series, and exhibit the principal varieties of dislocation to which strata are subject. The district presents, also, good examples of the action of running waters in removing and depositing material. The geology of this district is especially treated of in one of the two appendices with which the volume terminates. The other is headed "Church Notes," and commences with a brief general review of the ecclesiastical architecture found near the course of the line; and this proceeds to a particular notice of each church. This part of the work is also accompanied by well-executed illustrations, which are among the most interesting in the work. Thus, as a history of a railway, this is the most complete work we have ever seen.

A GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED IN BRITISH HERALDRY; with a Chronological Table illustrative of its Rise and Progress. Oxford, PARKER.

An exceedingly useful book, for which we have to thank the spirited publisher of "The Glossary of Architecture," already so well known and appreciated. We have no doubt that the present volume will also see as many editions and enlargements as its predecessor. Almost all persons, at one time or other, need a little knowledge of heraldry; and this manual is so well digested and clearly arranged, that it is just the thing to turn to. Not only are the words used by heralds familiarly explained, but engravings in great quantity given, exhibiting the things themselves: a matter very necessary, as they are in many instances as unlike what one would expect to see as possible. Thus, the lizard, or lezard, is not only the little creature we are familiar with, but a spotted wild cat sufficiently formidable; while the antelopes and other animals are equally unlike any created things of the name in the Zoological Gardens! But all heraldic monstrosities are as nothing, when compared to the design of modern coat armour: Nelson's is a glaring instance; and the Tetlow and Franco grants, in 1760, perfectly absurd. Thus, the first bears for crest, on a wreath, a book erect, *gules*, clasped and ornamented *or*, thereon a silver penny, on which is written the Lord's Prayer, on the top of the book a dove proper, in its beak a crow-quill sable. This crest was invented to commemorate an achievement performed by one of the family, namely, writing the Lord's Prayer within the compass of a silver penny with a crow-quill!! The Franco arms were, "In a *landscape* a *fountain*" (not the heraldic fountain, but one spouting water, which falls into a basin, the whole standing upon a foot), "*a palm-tree issuing therefrom*, all proper"!! It is no wonder a science thus absurdly treated should fall into disuse and ridicule. Certainly, while heraldry is used, it should be properly displayed; that it must always retain a place among us as part of the paraphernalia of state, is evident from its lavish display in the new Houses of Parliament; yet the absurdity which characterizes it there is perfectly disgraceful to the country. Why have we a Heralds' College if it is not to be consulted on such occasions?—and why throw the blame on a science that is so very improperly treated? With a thorough contempt for taste or precedent, the most absurd concoctions are termed heraldry, and the science suffers from ignorant pretenders. This is not fair, nor could any study be defended when it was so falsely construed and exhibited. Armorial bearings were the medals of the brave and virtuous in the olden time; and the honourable display of an ancient unsullied coat is indeed a proud distinction still to any man of right feeling. It is not likely, then, that heraldry will ever cease to be an art—an amusing study for those who love "a most delightful science," as Porney says, and certainly more captivating than many would think before opening Mr. Parker's volume. There is, in reality, in its pages and cuts much to amuse as well as instruct; it gives us an insight of the history, manners, and tastes of our ancestors, and, though heraldic bearings be less important than they were in the middle ages, they still pertain to gentle blood. To all who wish for a useful manual well illustrated, for easy reference and plain information, we can cordially recommend this volume.

A MANUAL OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. By F. A. PALEY, M.A. VAN VOORST, Paternoster-row.

Perhaps in no instance have we a stronger example of the changes that occur in what is popularly termed public taste, than in the universal respect and attention now bestowed on what is called Gothic Architecture. The time is not so very far distant from our own when no architect dared own his admiration of it, and, if he was struck by its elegance, it was grudgingly admitted, with a sigh that it was irregular in its construction, and a regret that the time and money bestowed on it had not been devoted to the classic style. Now, we are told that these gentlemen "have found, by a sad experience, that there evidently were some very decided and important laws which regulated the principles of Gothic composition; and that there was, after all, something more than the mere caprice and extravagant fancy which Sir Christopher Wren and persons of his school pretended to believe, and took great pains to teach"; and that "Pagan temples" are the only terms to be applied to their cherished erections, and that "the public appreciate and call for the good old Gothic style." Indeed it will scarcely now be denied that the miscalled Gothic is eminently the Christian architecture, growing with it, and adapting itself to its glories; and our author may be excused for declaring the taste "perverted and infatuated when nothing was admired but Grecian and Roman structures and ornaments, nothing was appreciated but the designs and emblems of idolatry." The little manual now published is written in so plain and popular a way that it may be understood by all who read it—its author professing principally to lead the student into the road of knowledge. Yet imperceptibly and unpretendingly does he invest his remarks with sound practical information, and even give us the necessary technicalities of the art without tiring the reader. Certainly this is advantageous in days when time is of so much consequence to many who wish to add to their knowledge; and it is surprising to find how many there are now who can speak critically on architectural points, which were comparatively unknown a few years ago, and unstudied by all out of the profession connected therewith. Our author defends its study thus:—"It is no idle employment to have been a wanderer among the old churches of England; to have made contemplation even of their material fabrics a pursuit; to have pondered over the mighty changes of times and scenes which they have survived; and to have lingered with mingled sorrow and admiration over the ruins of their departed splendour. Let not any suppose that an insensate antiquarianism is here advocated, much less the irreverent speculation of cold-hearted mechanical inquirers. No benefit can ever accrue, either to ourselves or to the Church, if we are to regard church architecture as a thing of mere prettiness, of curious investigation, or of engaging mystery. Surely it can teach us a far higher lesson, and impart a graver and more ennobling moral instruction, than this. To understand it aright, and to derive the real pleasure and profit it can confer, we must comprehend its spirit as well as its principles. Medieval architecture was not a mere result of piling together stone and timber by mechanical cunning and ingenious device. It was a visible embodying of the highest feelings of adoration and worship and holy abstraction—the expression of a sense which must have a language of its own, and which could have utterance in no worthier or more significant way." The author's arguments and examples all tend to prove this; and his remarks on the Freemasons and early builders, and their unselfish devotion to their work, are worthy, in these utilitirian times, of much reflection.

The woodcuts in this little book are good specimens of the art, and good selections for the author's purpose; it is well printed, of convenient size, and altogether as useful a manual as need be.

SCENES FROM THE DEVIL'S DYKE. Drawn by F. EARP. Publisher, W. MASON, Brighton.

A small set of views near Brighton, four in number, has come under our notice—"W. H. Mason's Illustrations of the Devil's Dyke," drawn by F. Earp. They are sketches of a well-known spot famed for the beauty of its scenery, the depth of its slopes, and the fine expansive view from its summit. The drawings are correctly sketched and well finished, and no one can have visited the Dyke without at once recognising the various points the artist has selected for his sketches. We, however, much prefer the *plain* to the coloured, which are heavily done, and are of a much more ordinary character than the plain, partly, perhaps, because the lithography is evidently finished up to the proper tone for *plain views*. From a circumstance which came under our own especial notice, we are aware that, if lithographs are to be coloured, they should be drawn on stone, *lighter* than if for plain prints, otherwise the colour has no chance of succeeding in bringing the work near to Nature's hues; hence too frequently we see in

English prints those strange staring colours, in unnatural contrasts, which *Nature* ever blends. We have to mention, also, "Mr. W. Mason's Illustrations of Brighton, dedicated to the Marquis of Bristol." They comprise the Old Church of St. Nicholas, in its best position, showing the Chain Pier and Pavilion in the distance; the Chain Pier, taken from the side promenade at the end, and showing Brighton, the West Cliff more particularly, in perspective; the Pavilion, displaying the whole length of the building, taken just inside the palace-garden, and certainly giving the most favourable representation of a very curious specimen of a palace in the Chinese style; it was built by George IV. The last is a view of the Fountain on the Old Steine, and, as a mere true copy of that singularly disproportioned specimen of bad taste, the drawing deserves commendation. The Fountain, and the York and Albion Hotels at the back, are represented; but there is no beauty in the view, which does not even include, as it might have done, the sea. However, setting this aside, we consider the views deserving of praise, both as to drawing and lithography; and even the unworthy Fountain is exactly depicted.

SCOTLAND DELINEATED, IN A SERIES OF VIEWS. By STANFIELD, R.A.; ROBERTS, R.A.; CRESWICK, A.R.A.; M'CULLOCH, R.S.A.; CATTERMOLE, HARDING, LEITCH, and J. NASH. Drawn in Lithography by J. D. HARDING. With Letterpress by J. P. LAWSON, M.A. Publisher, JOSEPH HOGARTH, Haymarket.

We cannot this month render to this work the justice it demands; and must postpone our notice of it for a while. Assuredly, it is the noblest achievement of Art—with one exception—that has been produced in this country; it is, moreover, excepting none, the cheapest—considering the magnitude, character, and number of the prints. A publication undertaken on such a scale, and in so liberal a spirit, confers the highest honour on the publisher: so to produce it would, indeed, have been honourable to the Nation and not unworthy of National resources; but in England private enterprise must do what the State does elsewhere. We trust, for the credit of the age, that the work will meet with the patronage it so eminently deserves, and which can alone repay the enormous cost of its production.

THE JEWISH FAITH. By GRACE AGUILAR. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS, Paternoster-row.

We mention this interesting volume, from the pen of a lady whose life and writings command respect alike from Christian and from Jew, rather with a view of directing attention towards it, than of analyzing its contents. "The Women of Israel," from the same pen, we remember, afforded us much knowledge and pleasure—bringing, as it did, all the noted women of "Old Judah" into one fold, and illuminating them with the information which Miss Aguilar laboured so effectually to collect.

The present volume, if not so attractive, is infinitely more profound; and, though we do not hold with its doctrines beyond a certain point, yet such of our readers as feel interested in matters connected with the Hebrew faith cannot fail to derive the knowledge they seek from its pages, and admire, with us, the lofty energy and enthusiasm of its style.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS. By MARY HOWITT. LONGMAN and Co.

We consider this gathering of the most charming ballads of a charming poet, a positive boon; they recal to us the happy hours when they came into our homes like sunshine—cherished things to be read and thought of, and read again! If books are to be true records of the heart and its feelings, the dedication from a wife to her husband, as "her best counsellor and teacher"—her "literary associate for more than a quarter of a century"—her "husband and her friend"—is so right-minded and touching that it sheds additional lustre even on the ballads of Mary Howitt. She need not have told us in her earnest yet simple preface, that she has always been a "passionate admirer of ballad-poetry"—the tracing of her mind's history is in keeping with the course of her truthful life; and, though we never read the long poem she mentions as having been so severely treated by certain critics, we can quite understand, after the labour she bestowed upon it and the hopes it created, what must have been her sufferings, when she says, she "never experienced a sensation like that before, and prays she never may again." She certainly need have no fear as to the reception these ballads must meet with; no fitter gift-book can be chosen; and the sweet intelligent face of the author adds additional value to the book, and to our belief in the fidelity with which Miss M. Gillies fixes an animated likeness upon ivory.

NAOMI AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW. Painted by H. O'NEIL; engraved by W. CHEVALIER. Publishers, HENRY GRAVES and Co.

The engraver has done much for this picture—one of no great merit; although, perhaps, the best the artist has produced, and certainly of greater value than that of which the Art-Union of London has multiplied copies. It is engraved with considerable firmness and delicacy, and cannot fail to augment the reputation of Mr. Chevalier.

THE HAWK-TRAINER. Painted by EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.; engraved by J. BURNET. Publishers, HENRY GRAVES and Co.

It is rarely that any month of the year passes by without contributing one, two, or three examples of the genius of Mr. Edwin Landseer: his patrons are many; and, if they are rich enough to buy the works of other artists, their mansions (spacious though they may be) have not space to hang them. Those who frame prints "after Landseer," frame nothing else—a fact which all who love Art and advocate its highest claims cannot fail deeply to deplore. For those who admire productions of the class, this is a desirable acquisition: it bears the respected name of "John Burnet"; but we cannot think the engraver's heart was with his theme. He is an artist in the best sense, and there will be merit in all he produces; no doubt, however, it is with engravers as with all other men—they do best what they do *con amore*. The subject is a pleasant one: a saddled horse, a brace of hounds, a boy who holds them, and a mounted falconer, with hawk on wrist, supply the materials for the picture; which belongs to the Dowager Countess of Essex.

VIEW OF THE CHOIR IN THE ANCIENT ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE AT CROYDON. Drawn on stone by W. TRASK. Croydon, T. WELLER; London, ACKERMANN and Co.

This is a decided improvement on the companion print by Mr. Trask, which we noticed some time back. It is executed with more freedom, with greater clearness, and is altogether a more effective drawing. We are somewhat at a loss, however, to interpret the story told by the group of figures the artist has introduced.

THE HANDBOOK OF PICTURE-CLEANING. By H. MOGFORD. London, WINSOR and NEWTON.

This useful little work has reached a second edition, which at the present time especially, when the question of the preservation of pictures is so prominently before the public, will, we doubt not, prove of much interest. It contains a large amount of practical information compressed into a small space.

ORACLES FROM THE POETS. A Fanciful Diversion for the Drawing-room. By CAROLINE GILMAN. Published by WILEY and PUTNAM.

If Christmas were welcomed to our homes and hearths for no other reason than its influx of pleasant as well as pretty books, it would deserve a cordial greeting. Our library-table groans beneath a weight of new friends, and old friends with new faces—reprints and fresh prints: they are so many that our notice of each must be brief; while the consideration of others we must either postpone or omit. A few of them, however, demand especial attention—at the present moment when "New Year's Gifts" are sought for with avidity. The very beautiful, instructive, and elegant volume—of which we give the title above—comes to us from America, the "young country," where feelings and sympathies are fresh and glowing, as they always are in young hearts and minds. It supplies hints for a pleasant mode of beguiling yet improving time; amusing an hour while making acquaintance with the beauties of our earlier poets; it is a kind of question and answer book; a puzzle, or even a fortune-teller in a degree; but one that is pregnant with thought and power.

COUNTRY SCENES AND SUBJECTS. By RHODA MARIA WILLAN. ORR, Paternoster-row.

We are becoming a pastoral people; there can be no doubt about it; and such authors as Mr. Miller and Miss Willan are the undoubted cause thereof. While they continue to write such books about flowers and bowers, and forests and shades, and nooks and corners; and publishers lay before us, in the loveliest of all wood engravings, the pastoral beauties of England—what other result can they lead to? Truly, such volumes as this, in its delicate green and gold, comes to us with the freshness and healing of summer on its wings, and invigorates the close atmosphere of our chamber with the warmth and soft breezes that otherwise we should so seldom enjoy. Miss Willan, too, in these "Country Scenes" has not forgotten to introduce the incidents and feelings which find a home in town and country: so that ever and anon we have a little sketch of interest or a gentle tale of love, which adds marvellously to the effect of the whole, while it brings out the still-life with great advantage. It will certainly add greatly to the wealth of the Christmas drawing-room table.

CHRISTMAS RHYMES; OR, THREE NIGHTS' REVELRY. Belfast, LAMONT.

The poems and the illustrations to this pretty volume are the productions of two ladies—sisters; many of the designs are better conceived than executed; but the effect of the whole is highly creditable to the fair authors. The ballads have the light fancy and story-telling spirit belonging of old right to the ballad-maker; and many of the lines breathe a pure and high poetic feeling; the getting-up of the volume does infinite honour to the enterprising publishers. But Belfast contains working hands and heads—Scottish prudence and perseverance grafted on Irish energy and quickness.

AUNT CARRY'S BALLADS. By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. CUNDALL, Old Bond-street.

This prettiest of all pretty gift-books for children contains two fairy tales: "The Adventures of a Woodsprite," whose home in the hawthorn tree has been destroyed by the woodman's axe; and the story of a brother and sister—"Blanche and Brutekin." Such tales, so told, cannot fail to enrich the taste as well as the feelings of the young; and Mrs. Norton proves that she cultivates the violet as well as the laurel. Little children will learn to love the name their parents admire; and certainly her muse has inspired Mr. Absolon, for the illustrations to these tales are excellent. Mr. Cundall deserves a vote of thanks from every nursery in England for his caterings to the amusement and instruction of the "rising generation."

THE PURITAN'S GRAVE. By the late WM. PITT SCARGILL.

This popular and touching story has been republished, in a cheap form, by the widow of the author, who died in the very zenith of his intellect. We are glad of an opportunity of recommending it, to those who have not seen it, as a work of simple but deep interest.

BEAN FLOWER AND PEA BLOSSOM. CHAPMAN and HALL.

This is one of a series of picture story-books, by great authors and great painters, with which Chapman and Hall are regaling our young folk. The illustrations are by Tony Johannot, and must lay the foundation of good taste in the rising generation. We shall describe them at greater length hereafter; for they are not to be discussed in a paragraph.

HERDSMEN AND TILLERS OF THE GROUND. By Mrs. PERCY SINNETT.

This interesting little volume consists of "Tales of Early Civilization," and is written and arranged with care and judgment. Our young country friends could not receive a more agreeable present at this gift-giving time.

GREEN'S NURSERY ANNUAL. DARTON and CLARKE.

This truly charming gift-book to the very young is beautifully "got up," and its contents admirably selected. Some of the fables are put forward with considerable novelty and tact; and, as a whole, we should find it difficult to select a better or a prettier book for a child we loved.